THE DIAL

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

ON READING OUT-OF-DOORS. *Norman Foerster* . 419

CASUAL COMMENT 421

The decline of the small bookshop.— How to read one hundred books a day.— President Hibben's conception of a liberal education.—Contributors to "The Lyric Year." — The rehabilitation of soiled library books. — The literary bent. — A postscript to "The Promised Land."— The limit of forbearance toward book-thieves.—A good word for American journalism. The sale of the second part of the Huth library.—An authors' union. — Literary parallels. — A linguistic prodigy. — A genuinely American literary shrine.

SOME OUTDOOR PHILOSOPHERS. *May Estelle Cook* 424

Kirkham's Outdoor Philosophy.—Blatchley's Woodland Idyls.— Edwardes's Neighbourhood. — Miss Woodbridge's The Jonathan Papers.

THE LURE OF THE GARDEN. *Sara Andrew Shafer* 426

Miss Agar's Garden Design in Theory and Practice. —Rexford's Amateur Gardencraft. —Miss Rion's Let's Make a Flower Garden.— Wright's Popular Garden Flowers. — Mrs. Drennan's Everblooming Roses. — Saylor's Making a Rose Garden.

IN THE WONDERLAND OF TRAVEL. *Percy F. Bicknell* 428

Traveller's Tales, by "The Princess."— Murphy's Three Wonderlands of the American West.— Muir's The Yosemite. — Wallace's Saddle and Camp in the Rockies — Abraham's The Surgeon's Log.—Jaekel's Windmills and Wooden Shoes.— Miss Travers's Letters from Finland. — Mrs. Mason's The Spell of France.— Thomas-Stanford's About Algeria.— Phillimore's In the Carpathians.

NEW LIGHT ON THE DARK CONTINENT. *Charles Atwood Kofoid* 431

Goodrich's Africa of To-Day. — Hodson's Trekking the Great Thirst. — Miss Roby's My Adventures in the Congo. — Barnes's Babes in the African Wood. —Stevenson-Hamilton's Animal Life in Africa. — Tremearne's The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria.— Haywood's Through Timbuctoo and across the Great Sahara.— Mrs. Gaunt's Alone in West Africa.

RECENT FICTION. *William Morton Payne* . . . 433

Mrs. Bradley's The Favor of Kings.—Miss Canfield's The Squirrel Cage.—Scott's Counsel for the Defense. —Comfort's Fate Knocks at the Door.—Serviss's The Second Deluge.—Scott's The Last Try.—Stevenson's The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. — Merrick's The Position of Peggy. — Merrick's The Actor-Manager. — Birmingham's The Simpkins Plot.

VARIOUS BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING . . 437

Outdoor scenes and thoughts from Whitman.— Essays in idleness.— For the traveller in Italy. — A hand-book of American forestry. — The book of Moths and Butterflies. — An incautious cicerone. — Wild birds in their haunts.

BRIEFER MENTION 440

NOTES 441

TOPICS IN JUNE PERIODICALS 442

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 443

ON READING OUT-OF-DOORS.

In proportion as people cling to the city, they long for what they call "God's out-of-doors." To-day people are clinging to the city desperately, for nowhere else is the flux of life so enchantingly fluid, nowhere else the *élan vital* so intoxicatingly urgent. But when the force of the current brings weariness and satiety, as it does from time to time, they yearn for the simple joys of the countryside — pure air, restful green meadows, cow's-milk that is still warm, and a book of verses underneath the bough. Some of them, indeed, the weariest and the most frivolous, would prefer to the book of verses a novel advertised as one of the "best sellers." But with the inveterate readers of light fiction — those who are unable to read with pleasure anything else — we have not here to do. We shall find it more profitable to consider the case of those who take with them, on week-end journeys and summer vacations, a copy, let us say, of "Hamlet," or "Pendennis," or "Prometheus Unbound," or the "Oxford Book of English scant Verse." And let us assume (what we have warrant for assuming) that the readers of such books as these are interested, not in having read them, not in attaining a sweet oblivion, but in deriving from them a solid and elevating pleasure.

To readers of this sort, who are, we trust, more abundant than they seem to be, reading out-of-doors generally means an unfulfilled intention. On departing from the city for a ramble in the woods or over the hills, or on leaving the summer hotel for a stroll to a particularly pleasant spot, they thrust into their pockets or perfumed hand-bags the copy of "Hamlet," "Pendennis," or what not; and they return having read only a few pages or nothing at all; with the result, finally, that the book is worn, stained, full of four-leaf clovers and little stray insects, and — unread. Bluntly and in brief, the out-door reader does not read.

Why? The reason is, I think, not far to seek. Books are made by man, who vitalizes them with his sensuous, moral, and intellectual faculties; and whoever reads a book wisely concentrates upon it his whole experience and aspiration, his sensuous, moral, and intellectual faculties. As

the writer, so the reader. In the privacy of the library on a winter evening, this concentration is readily attained, and it is accompanied with that glow of full life which Faust's Famulus described:

> "Da werden Winternächte hold und schön,
> Ein selig Leben wärmet alle Glieder."

But in the teeming publicity of outer nature on a summer afternoon, this concentration is well-nigh impossible: the moral and intellectual faculties are dormant,—æstivating, so to speak; and the happy glow, if one glows at all, is predominantly sensuous, as of a snake luxuriating in the sun. The plane of intelligence is lowered from that of man as a human creature to that of man as an animal. That side of man which is related with the placidity of nature flourishes at the expense of the side of man which is, so far as we know, peculiar to man. It would, of course, be absurd to maintain that this decline in the dignity of man is never desirable: the healing power of nature inherent in her large equanimity has been celebrated by countless poets, and is vaguely realized by everyone who seeks recreation out-of-doors. The pleasures that nature offers are legitimate, even though they are inferior to some of our human pleasures. But it must not be forgotten that they are sensuous, that they thrive while the distinctively human faculties slumber; and surely a good book, intended to appeal to the whole of man, cannot be read to advantage by a part of man.

Readers who would resist the sensuous placidity of nature meet with varying degrees of success. If you are versed in bird and insect lore, you are utterly lost. Just as you turn the page, a red-eyed vireo is sure to come down from the treetop above you to comment on your foolishness with a series of peevish triplets: "What are you doing? Stop it now. Close the book. Look at me"; a cardinal grosbeak or a great-crested flycatcher will break into the fragile melody of your poet with an hilarious and somewhat derisive shout; and a little green bee, burnished and flashing in the sunlight as he buries himself in a pretty flower, will put to shame the dryad of your stanzas—for is he not real and *there?* And if your book is Richard De Bury's little classic, you will no sooner read "at the sting of the biting flea the sacred book is flung aside" than a formidable mosquito will alight upon your neck and outrage your ego. Nature may, indeed, induce reverie; but she does not induce contemplation. Whittier, who wrote abundantly of woods and waters that minister "the healing of their life," was more aware than we seem to be to-day of the treachery of nature's "solitudes."

> "But nature is not solitude:
> She crowds us with her thronging wood;
> Her many hands reach out to us,
> . . . . . .
> She will not leave our senses still,
> But drags them captive at her will."

You may resist the blandishments of nature, but you cannot—whether you "love" nature or are indifferent to her—exclude them altogether from your consciousness.

Reading *after* a walk in the country is quite another matter. Partly as a result of our physical exertion, partly as a result of the poise and the keenness of our faculties that nature's healing power brings, we find ourselves unusually alert and receptive. "It is at night, and after dinner," Stevenson wrote in "Walking Tours," "that the best hour comes." Tobacco and grog were never so satisfying, he goes on to say; and if you read a book, "you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take on a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment." Although our critical judgment may suffer, we read more receptively then than at any other time; there may be hours when we read more wisely, but there is no hour when we are more responsive, more quick to see the full meaning. No doubt it is significant, in this connection, to remember De Quincey's description of Wordsworth after the return of the poet from a long day's walk, when his eyes had "an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear."

So difficult and so unsatisfactory is the habit of reading out-of-doors, that we are justified, I think, in calling it a fad. If we desire to explain the attractiveness of the fad, it will be difficult, unless we assume the air of apology or charity, to avoid two conclusions: first, that nature woos the sensuous faculties of man, his lower faculties; second, that nature, unfriendly to our intellectual faculty, reduces the mind to a state of inactivity that we find agreeable. In large measure the popularity of nature's charms is due to our distrust and dislike of the intellect; we become, for better or worse,

> "too weak to bear
> The insupportable fatigue of thought."

Might it not be well to eschew pocket editions especially adapted to superficial reading out-of-doors, and to brood over our "Pendennis," "Prometheus Unbound," and the rest at home,

in our libraries, where we are free to animate our whole self and not merely our sensuous self? Further, if we insist on the delightfulness of reading out-of-doors, let us carry to the stream-side and the pine-grove, not books that require prolonged concentration, but rather anthologies and brief essays,—the wafers of the mind rather than the staff of life. Then let us munch and ruminate as thoughtfully as the singing birds and buzzing insects will permit.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE DECLINE OF THE SMALL BOOKSHOP furnished Mayor Gaynor with a theme for regretful reminiscence in his recent address before the booksellers' convention in New York. His friend Mr. Simon Brentano calls him "a great book-knower," and believes that his words "will mean a good deal to the booksellers of this country, and will increase their interest in good books." Mr. Gaynor said, in opening: "One of the things that I have observed since I left my country home and came to large cities is the decline of the retail bookstore in the large cities. Why, over in Brooklyn, where I live, and here in Manhattan—which some people call New York, although it is only a little bit of New York, you know—there used to be any number of small bookstores. We used to lounge around in them. . . . How many happy hours, and sometimes hours of exaltation, have I spent down in Miller's bookstore in Nassau Street, for instance. There I pored over the curious books of the world as well as the choice and ordinary books." The multiplication of books has not, the speaker feared, correspondingly increased the real reading habit, the weighing and pondering of what is worth while in literature. His genial remembrance of the book-browser in musty bookshops recalls regretfully the time, not so very long ago, when the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston was the daily haunt of both writers and readers of good literature. There the young Lowell offered to Emerson his tribute of admiration for the Concord transcendentalist's verse, and there Longfellow and Whittier and Holmes were familiar figures in the congested alcoves of the friendly book-dealer. But to-day we telephone to the department-store for the latest sensation in fiction, and bookstore book-chat is less and less heard in the land.

* * *

HOW TO READ ONE HUNDRED BOOKS A DAY, which the librarian who wishes to make himself an authority on the literature of his own language alone ought, in theory, to do, is a problem to dismay the stoutest heart, or rather the most vigorous intellect. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" estimates the number of books published in the English language up to the year 1870 at six hundred and fifty thousand; and the rapidly increasing annual rate of publication since then would surely bring the present total well up toward the three-quarter-million mark, if not beyond it. Allowing three hundred working days in the year, we find that to go through this stupendous mass of printed matter at the rate of one hundred works (not volumes) a day would require twenty-five years of toil; and meanwhile the accretions of that quarter-century would be piling up as another Hercules-task for the reader. But luckily ninety-nine hundredths of what is published in the literature of knowledge soon becomes superseded by later researches, and fully forty-nine fiftieths of the literature of power speedily ceases to appeal with any living interest to the great mass of readers, or even to any single reader. Therefore the problem of mastering the literature of our own tongue reduces itself to comparatively manageable proportions; otherwise the conscientious librarian would be driven to insanity or suicide, or both. The librarian of the Vancouver Public Library said in an address at the third annual conference of the Pacific Northwest Library Association, whose proceedings are now published in convenient pamphlet form: "There is no doubt that the salvation of the librarian depends upon the depth, the width, and the extent of his reading. And he must continue to read, read, and read again, or he is certainly lost." This is put rather strongly, for rhetorical effect; but certainly it is in large part by reading that the librarian is to work out his own salvation as well as that of those who look to him for intellectual quickening and sustenance.

* * *

PRESIDENT HIBBEN'S CONCEPTION OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION, as set forth in his inaugural address at Princeton, deserves at least a passing comment of approval. The time-honored "humanities," in his scheme of education, are not to be slighted in favor of all sorts of new-fangled electives. "The hit-and-miss choice of an immature mind in new surroundings," he well says, "forms a poor propædeutic to the serious tasks of free investigation, of original thought, and of practical efficiency." The student "must be so led in the way of knowledge that he will come to know something of the human world in which he lives, something also of that world of the past whose achievements are his heritage, something of the form and spirit of its classical languages and literature, something of its history, its art, customs, manners, morals, and institutions—in a word, he must know the thought of the world which possesses universal meaning and universal significance." As to training in his mother tongue, "certainly the educated man should be able to understand his own language with some appreciation of its power and beauty, be able also to speak it as to the manner born and not as a barbarian, and to express himself by the written word in such a manner as to reveal and not obscure his thought and feeling." After this grounding in the essentials of liberal culture, some freedom of election may be allowed the student in his choice of studies; but, emphatically, "the uni-

versity is not specifically designed for the purpose of fitting a man directly for the daily duties of his future work in life. It should attempt to develop the whole man." Nothing new or startling, to be sure, in all this; but every word of it sane and rational and never out of season, however often repeated.

* * *

CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE LYRIC YEAR," the forthcoming volume of competitive verse which will appear under the auspices of Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, publisher, and Messrs. Edward J. Wheeler and William Stanley Braithwaite, appraisers of poetry, will be selected from the five hundred or more aspirants who will have submitted their compositions on or before the first of June, when the competition closes and the three prize-winning poems will be decided upon, out of the one hundred that are to be sifted from the two thousand or more manuscripts and published. It is reported that every State in the United States is represented in this scramble for poetic honors (and emoluments), and that one confident competitor has had the hardihood to ask for an immediate partial payment on account. If a pecuniary incentive and the excitement of competition can produce immortal verse, "The Lyric Year" will be an immense success: and its editors apparently believe that Pegasus will prove splendidly responsive to the spur with which he has been pricked, for they say: "If anything ails American poetry, it is lack of encouragement and recognition. It is surprising how cordially both the lowly and the great have responded to every demand for a high standard and for faultless verse. It is significant, too, how susceptible the young writers are to enthusiasm and attention. 'The Lyric Year' hopes to help the poets to win public attention, and to aid in the struggle that confronts our writers." If after this there remain any mute inglorious Miltons bashfully shrinking behind their own modesty, it will not be the fault of the projectors of "The Lyric Year."

* * *

THE REHABILITATION OF SOILED LIBRARY BOOKS, were such rehabilitation possible and practicable, would be a heaven-sent blessing to readers of delicate sensibilities, and would save much expense now incurred in replacing with new copies the volumes that in a too unsightly manner attest their extreme popularity. Perhaps some inventive genius will before long give us a washing-machine that shall do for begrimed books what certain machines, now being tested at Washington by the government, are said to do for the much-thumbed and stained greenbacks and yellowbacks that are daily returned to the treasury department for redemption. In two minutes one of these machines will restore a disreputable rag of paper money to something like pristine freshness and crispness. Another machine, of a slightly different pattern, does it in three minutes. A thousand notes, it is estimated, can be regenerated at an expense of only twenty cents. Water and soap and chemicals and heated cylinders, with more or less employment of brisk whirling motion, coöperate to separate the stamped paper from its accretions of dirt and its invading colonies of germs. It is true that a bound book is a very different thing from a simple oblong slip of exceptionally strong and durable paper. But to inventive genius all things are possible, and we shall continue to hope that some day every library will possess, as an indispensable part of its equipment, an inexpensive, easily-operated, and thoroughly effective book-cleaning machine.

* * *

THE LITERARY BENT may be regarded, in some instances, as not so much a positive and conscious leaning toward letters as a disappointed drawing-back from everything else. Many a man has been cradled into authorship by disgust with law or medicine or theology or business or teaching or some other of a thousand occupations uncongenial to him. An article having the ring of a real confession appeared the other day in a prominent journal. It purported to have been written by a woman author who signed herself "A. R." Of her first ill-directed endeavors to find herself and her life-work we read, among other frank confessions, the following: "Looking back a long way upon my teaching record, I marvel that I was able to hold myself for three years to an occupation that filled my soul not merely with dislike — with loathing. Perhaps it was because the years were so unbearable that during them I first tried to write." Literary success by no means came at the first call. Various trying experiences followed, "and yet, all through that involvement, which shook life to the centre of me, I had remained obsessed by the need of outside expression for inside experience, everything, even the most passionate of human interests, remaining for me subordinate to the will and intention to write." And after ten weary years of seemingly fruitless striving, of repeated rebuffs from editors and publishers, the first glimmer of success dawned in the shape of an acceptance of a short story; and after that the path of letters seems to have shone more and more unto the perfect day. And yet there are not a few who think it must be so easy to write a book, and so simple to make a fortune out of its sale.

* * *

A POSTSCRIPT TO "THE PROMISED LAND," that notable bit of intimate autobiography which has already passed into a second edition, is furnished by its author in a recent interview. "I want to make the point," she is reported as saying, "since I have an opportunity, that in Russia emancipation through a liberal attitude in religion is impossible for the Jew. On my recent visit to Polotzk I saw signs of the struggle of the younger generation to put aside all that separates them from the world around them in order to be merged with their neighbors; but it is all in vain. The young men shave, the young wives refuse the wig, they all speak Russian, they join an occasional Gentile friend at a table that is not kosher — they seek to bridge their separation in every possible way, even at the cost of their parents' broken hearts. But what good does it do them?

The schools are closed against them as jealously as ever, they are hounded and crippled as mercilessly as before, they have lost the firm anchor of their old faith and have gained no compensating haven. A reformed Jew is still a Jew. The Russian government does not want the Jew in any guise. No degree of conformity will save the Jew in Russia. Not until a successful political revolution has uprooted all the blind sins of the Russian autocracy will there be any hope of emancipation for the slaves of the Pale." No wonder Mary Antin rejoices at her timely escape to the land of promise.

* * *

THE LIMIT OF FORBEARANCE TOWARD BOOK-THIEVES has been reached by the authorities of the Brooklyn Public Library, whose branches have for years suffered considerable losses, chiefly it appears at the hands of mischievous or dishonest children. Patience and a hope of better things gave way at last to a sorrowful conviction that the kindest thing to be done, for parents and children alike, was "to give the would-be thieves such a thorough scare as might be the means of restraining them and their associates from getting deep into the habit of stealing till they finally ended in becoming full-grown criminals." Accordingly fifteen little rascals (rascals in the making) were haled into the Children's Court, while other cases were handled by the parents of the culprits; and "the results have been, that in every branch where a boy has been made an example of there has been a decrease in the number of losses, missing books have been slyly returned to tables by children evidently startled by hearing of the arrests, and the effect upon the boys' habits has been good." The Children's Court and its wise and humane judges are warmly praised. We are glad to infer from the official report that petty thieving has not been practised to any great extent by the girls. Perhaps, however, they were more adroit and less easily caught in the act; at any rate, they seem to have been spared the shame of public prosecution, but doubtless they will take to heart the object lesson given them that the way of transgressors is hard.

* * *

A GOOD WORD FOR AMERICAN JOURNALISM was spoken by our late visitor, the inspiring and gifted Professor Gilbert Murray. Upon his departure from Amherst, where his lectures and talks on Greek literature and Greek culture gave unmeasured satisfaction, he expressed himself (to the ubiquitous interviewer) on sundry other subjects besides. Among other things, we are told that he said: "You have more really good newspapers than we have. In fact, we have rather few really good newspapers. Our papers used to be penny papers, but now they are most of them sold for a ha'penny, and they don't seem to be able to get out a very high-toned publication for that price. I don't think we could produce so many liberal-minded, well-informed papers as you do, like the Springfield 'Republican,' the Boston 'Transcript,' and the New York 'Evening Post.' The general tone of the papers is better over here, and the standard of your editorials and special articles is very high." Perilous always is the sweetness of praise, but perhaps not much harm will result in this instance if due allowance is made for our friendly guest's natural unwillingness to say anything unpleasant to his entertainers as he bows his good-bye. Farewell speeches, like after-dinner oratory, are more than likely to contain considerable "tall talk," and should be subjected to a very liberal discount.

* * *

THE SALE OF THE SECOND PART OF THE HUTH LIBRARY is set for June 5–7 and 10–14, at Sotheby's, in London. The first sale of last November covered only items under A and B in alphabetical order, and brought a little over a quarter of a million dollars. This second instalment will be of about equal size and probably of equal or greater market value. Early estimates of the Huth collection's pecuniary worth, when the will of its late owner became the sensation of the day in the book world, placed it at about one million dollars. Since then the prices commanded at public auction by the treasures of the Hoe collection have caused a considerable revision of former estimates, and now the Huth library is expected by some connoisseurs to realize more than twice the sum originally named, or even as much as two and one-half millions, even with the deduction of the fifty choicest items given by the testator to the British Museum. So rich a collection of unique and of exceedingly rare literary treasures has probably never before been offered at public sale. The sixty thousand pounds which the collection is said to have cost the Huth family in the course of its gradual acquisition is not unlikely to be octupled in the total amount finally received at the successive sales.

* * *

AN AUTHORS' UNION, wearing somewhat the aspect of the familiar trades-union, is being planned in New York by prominent American writers. The proposed association or league will resemble the Author's Society of England and the *Gens de Lettres* and the *Société des Auteurs Dramatiques* of France. It will be a business organization for the protection of the pecuniary interests of its members and, in a general way, of literary workers as a class. The affairs of the society will be managed through bureaus, — one of contracts and collections, one of legal service, one of general information, and so on. A literary agency will be established. Annual meetings will be held by the association, and its energies will be directed toward such reforms as the improvement of copyright laws and the prevention of various forms of literary piracy that still prevail. Playwrights as well as other authors will be represented in this comprehensive league for mutual defence, and it is to be hoped that women may share equally with men in the benefits to accrue from the new movement. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is a member of the provisional committee on organization. The names of many of

our leading authors, especially our younger authors, are prominent on the list of those associated with this praiseworthy enterprise.

* * *

LITERARY PARALLELS might be found for certain forms of expression that are just now making themselves exceedingly familiar all over the country. For example, merely as a matter of historical and literary interest, and without regard to other considerations, it is curious to note the resemblance between the following two utterances, the first having as its author a prominent American of our own time, and the second occurring in the public papers of the Comte de Chambord, Bourbon pretender, a generation ago, to the throne of France. "I typify and embody the great cause which can only be furthered by supporting me." That is the American way of putting it, and this is the French way: "I am the necessary pilot, the only one capable of guiding the ship to port, because I have for it a mission of authority." Again, in our native idiom: "Every man who believes in decency and honesty in politics . . . can achieve his purposes only by supporting my candidacy"; and in the French style: "With the coöperation of all honest men and with the grace of God I may save France, and I will." Not without reason did the Preacher affirm that "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be: and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."

* * *

A LINGUISTIC PRODIGY who can conceal his thought in twenty-three languages is not met with every day. Sir Charles Eliot, the new head of Hong Kong University, has in the forty-seven years of his life shown a remarkable aptitude for acquiring foreign tongues. In his Oxford days he won highest distinction in the classics and also captured the Boden Sanskrit scholarship and the Syriac prize. Subsequent service as diplomat in various countries has enabled him to extend his familiarity with strange tongues until now he is credited with the command of twenty-three, not including such acquaintance with the Yankee idiom as he may have acquired during his secretaryship of the British Embassy at Washington fourteen years ago. His scholarship is attested by his excellent Finnish grammar, published in 1890. He has also held with distinction the vice-chancellorship of Sheffield University.

* * *

A GENUINELY AMERICAN LITERARY SHRINE, which should prove a strong attraction to pilgrims, is the house at Hannibal, Missouri, where the greatest of our humorists was born, and which has recently been presented to the city of Hannibal by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan, themselves natives of the same State that gave to the world Mark Twain. At the presentation ceremonies a bas-relief portrait of Missouri's most distinguished son and an inscribed tablet were unveiled, and school children as well as older persons of local prominence took part in the proceedings. And now, before planning one's pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon this summer, why not journey first to Hannibal on the Mississippi?

The New Books.

SOME OUTDOOR PHILOSOPHERS.*

It is a comfortable philosophy, that which the outdoor enthusiasts arrive at as a result of living with Nature, and one worthy of being adopted at least for the summer-time by anyone who can believe it. "Leave your office, your books, your cares, and even your friends," they say, "and go live in a tent by yourself, absorbed in the really vital things of life, such as growing grass and falling rain. Learn there that even the questions of indoor philosophy are not to be worried about. Matter? What does *that* matter so long as you are sure there is a blue-bird nesting in yonder stub? Soul? Why do you bother about terms, so long as something within you thrills to the cardinal's whistle and the oriole's fluting? God? You will never find Him if not in the silent sunrise or the hushed radiance of sunset." To these philosophers the natural life of man is life in the open, and cities are the excrescence of a mistaken civilization.

On this subject Mr. Stanton Davis Kirkham, author of "Mexican Trails," "East and West," "In the Open," etc., has written a thoroughgoing book which unfolds many wise and some witty conclusions arrived at by the philosophic mind in enjoying Nature. The author believes, like Thoreau, that a person should live in the present rather than in "a dead yesterday or an unborn tomorrow," and like Stevenson that he can be happy "just thinking"; that the beginning of wisdom for any man is to become acquainted, in solitude and serenity, with his own character, since "nothing shall bring him peace but himself"; that to learn from Nature is not to humanize outdoor life, but "to acquire the bird's point of view"; and that if a person keeps himself open to "the Cosmic Emotion which is joy in spring and sadness in the autumn . . . he may find himself in the forties with an unabated relish for Nature, the same susceptibility to this mysterious magic play that he felt at twenty." People who love to wander afield and ruminate will find Mr. Kirkham expressing their point of view very well, especially in such fundamental articles of faith as this:

*OUTDOOR PHILOSOPHY. The Meditations of a Naturalist. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WOODLAND IDYLS. By W. S. Blatchley. Indianapolis: The Nature Publishing Co.

NEIGHBOURHOOD. A Year's Life in and about an English Village. By Tickner Edwardes. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE JONATHAN PAPERS. By Elisabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Perhaps it is the very living out-of-doors, the wooing of the silence, that has taken the zest out of the life of being amused; but if I have sold all my goods for a single pearl, it is with the assurance that this pearl outweighs the world. It has proved a good bargain, yet it was made because the fates compelled it — made by one in a dream, only to find he had dreamed the immortal truth. When men talk of their beloved trade it would be of no use for me to tell them my business is on a larger scale and is concerned with eternal and universal things; that I deal in Truth and find it more profitable than their feeble ventures. As for *property* of which we hear so much, if I should tell them my estate extends from Canada to Guatemala and of the satisfaction I have had in familiarizing myself with it — they would not in the least understand. How poor would I feel if I did not own the mountains and the desert — as poor as the rich themselves!"

Of the same tenor, but more given to objective description, is Mr. W. S. Blatchley's "Woodland Idyls," the record of some summer outings in western Indiana. The preface recommends that everyone with a week to spend betake himself to the woods all alone, and live with a canvas cover for a roof, three bent wires for a cook-stove, fish and berries of his own acquiring for food, and a spring for a hydrant. There the sun will be his alarm-clock, and the whip-poor-will his vesper bell. Beside Racoon Creek or Walnut Creek the writer has spent his vacations, watching the green heron fish, finding the prunella in its glen, stretching himself on the ground "with nose deep among the grass-roots" to inhale the good earthy smell and feel himself "one of the countless billions of parasites thus rendering homage unto his mother," and receiving without complaint the downright visits of "J. Pluvius." He makes such a way of life seem so easy and so alluring that the most hide-bound city-dweller must needs be convinced of its feasibility.

The same philosophy in the main appears in Mr. Tickner Edwardes's "Neighbourhood," but modified by the writer's different experience. If you live in the city you must run away to enjoy Nature; but if you live in a blissful little English village like Windlecombe, in the midst of the Sussex downs, where Mr. Edwardes has done his work "for half a life-time back, and may claim fairly to have won his villagership," you can love and cultivate Nature and your neighbors at the same time. "Neighbourhood, the daily interchange of thought and word and kindly deed, is a necessity for all healthy human life, and the natural medium of all true advancement." So Mr. Edwardes writes about his sturdy, hard-working, quaint-mannered neighbors, as well as about the downs, the starlings, the bees, and the sheep, and produces a most delightful book. There is an engaging chapter in which Daniel Dray, the old wheelwright, Tom Clemmer, father of the village blacksmith of the same name, and other ancients drop into reminiscence of their sweet-hearting days. One of them bears this unconscious witness to the fact that Ann Whitefield has her prototype:

"'Eighteen thousand happy days,' said he triumphantly, 'agen six weeks o' rough and tumble — pore George! Ah! Well-a-day! But 'tis so, neighbours. Th' Reverend, 'a figured it out fer Jane an' me laast catterning-time. Eighteen thou — Gorm! but I should ha' lost 'em all, if she had n't up an' spoke out! I ne'er had no thought on 't, trew as th' sun goos round th' sky. But Jane, 'a gie me a red neckercher wan Hock-Monday. Thinks I, 'Wat 's that fer?' An' then 'a gie me a bag o' pea-nuts, an' sez I to mysel', 'T is a queer maid surelye!' An' then 'a cooms along at harvest-time, an' sez she, ''Enery Dawes, I ha' jist heerd as ould Mistus Fenny 'ull gie up th' Malthouse Cottage at Milemas, an' seein' as how you warnts me an' I warnts you, 't would be a pity to lose it; so let 's get arsted i' church directly-minute,' sez she. Wi' that 'a putt both arms around th' red neckercher, as I wore; an' gie me wan, two, three — each chop, an' wan i' th' middle. Lor' bless ye! I knowed then what a' meant, I did! I wur allers th' sort as could see through a brick wall fur as most folk: never warnted no more 'n an 'int.'"

Many of the author's walks are taken with "Reverend," the blind rector of the parish who sees so much through his other senses and his memory that he almost betters his companion's observation. All the traditional beauty of the "shy, still" English country is theirs to enjoy — the wood-carpet of anemones and primroses in spring, the nightingale's song in June, the glow of poppies in the wheat in summer, the rich green of the ivy in the autumn when other color is gone. These are described with a vividness which makes it seem that the writer has added his blind friend's sensibility to his own keen vision. Besides the human element, such things as hiving the bees, sheep-washing, and harvest have their place in his regard. This is his report of the close of a threshing day:

"As the sun went down behind the hills, and left the world afloat in wine-colored mist, every sound of work ceased in the village save this rich throbbing voice of the threshing mill up at the farm. I went out into the dreaming light to listen to it. From where I sat on the church-yard wall, I could make out that they were prolonging the work into the dusk, so that the last rick might be finished now, and the threshing gang move on tonight to the next farm. There was the deep sound of the mill itself, one tremendous baritone note succeeding another, each held for a moment, and then suddenly changing to one higher or lower in the sonorous clef. Apart from this, I could distinguish the fuss and fume of the engine, as it drove its white breath in little unsteady gusts up against the violet calm of the sky. And there was another sound — the flapping song of the driving belt — a note that punctuated everything, as though some invisible conductor were beating time to the gen-

eral symphony. But the combined effect of all was infinitely harmonious and restful.

"Yet I had come out, in the main, to hear, not this familiar part of the music, but something about it that I loved most of all; and this was the stopping of the machine. It was almost dark before the last sheaf went to the mill, and steam was shut off. And then the wonderful note began. The machine took an appreciable time to run down. But now there was no upward inflection of its voice. Note by note, each note more drawn out and quieter, the rich tones fell through every stage of an octave, until they died away in the profoundest, softest bass. Even then I fancied I could feel the solid earth still shuddering with a music too deep for human ear."

One can venture without fear the prediction that this will become a classic among Nature books, since it considers Nature, as it should be considered, the setting and enhancement of human life. Some very charming illustrations supplement the text.

Assuredly the weak point of most Nature books is their lack of humor. They are subdued in tone and pensive, so that they do not take the strongest hold on us. Not so "The Jonathan Papers." These essays by Elisabeth Woodbridge, which have appeared from time to time in the "Atlantic" or the "Outlook," go well together in a book, and one cannot take them up without thanking the Lord for humor. On a slight stretch they may be considered as forming a Nature book — Nature with Jonathan thrown in; but they so objectify and vivify the experiences of these two people on their "unprogressive farm" that they are first of all a human document. The writer is one of the outdoor philosophers, and not only believes in getting her fill of beauty but in "taking dessert first" — and dessert means to her "to go out into the green beauty of the world, to fling myself down in some sloping meadow and feel the sunshine envelope me and the warm winds pass over me." She and Jonathan run away from the city to go fishing a spring day when neither of them "can get away"; they visit their Yellow Valley in March in spite of wind and mud, shoot ducks in the salt marshes at ten above zero, and in various other ways prove themselves worthy of the happiness of living on a farm each year, from April until December. On the subject of grooming this farm they differ.

"'Do you remember Jack Mason when he was married? Face and neck the color of raw beef from sunburn, and hair cropped so close it made his head look like a drab egg!'

"'I did n't notice,' said Jonathan.

"'No, I suppose not. You would have done the same thing — you 're all alike. Look at horses! When men want to make a horse look stylish, why, chop off his tail, of course! And they are only beginning to learn better. When a man builds a house, what does he do? Cuts down every tree, every bush and twig, and makes it "ship shape," as you call it. And then the women have to come along and plant everything all over again.'

"'But things need cutting now and then,' said Jonathan. 'You would n't like it, you know, if a man never went to the barber's. He 'd look like a woodchuck.'

"'There are worse-looking things than woodchucks. Still, of course, there 's a medium. Possibly the woodchuck carries neglect to excess.'"

On other occasions, also, Elisabeth appears as the champion of the natural.

"Jonathan has nothing to do with my hens except to give advice. One of his hobbies is the establishing of a breed of hens marked by intelligence, which he maintains might be done by careful selection of the mothers. Accordingly, whenever he goes to the roost to pick out a victim for the sacrificial hatchet, he first gently pulls the tail of each candidate in turn, and by the dim light of the lantern carefully observes the nature of their reaction, choosing for destruction the one whose deportment seems to him most foolish. In this way, by weeding out the extremely silly, he hopes in time to raise the general intellectual standard of the barnyard. But he urges that much more might be done if my heart were in it. Very likely. But my heart is not. Intelligence is all very well, but the barnyard, I am convinced, is no place for it. Give me my pretty, silly hens, with all their aimless, silly ways. I will seek intelligence, when I want it, elsewhere."

Such an one, we must echo, is a natural philosopher. And in justice we must add that she is also a very charming writer, since her essays not only sparkle with wit, but are full of descriptions of great delicacy and beauty.

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

THE LURE OF THE GARDEN.*

The general character of books on gardens and gardening seems to vary from year to year,— doubtless to conform with variations of interest in those for whom such books are written. One year the garden-lover may be in search of practical help on the subject of hardy perennials or of hollyhock blights; and in the next, his perennials may be doing so well, and his hollyhocks may be so thrifty, that he has time to turn to the history of the garden craft, or to the fillip that his fancy finds in the beautiful thoughts of

*GARDEN DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Madeline Agar. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

AMATEUR GARDENCRAFT. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

LET'S MAKE A FLOWER GARDEN. By Hanna Rion. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

POPULAR GARDEN FLOWERS. By Walter P. Wright. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

EVER-BLOOMING ROSES. By Georgia Torrey Drennan. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

MAKING A ROSE GARDEN. By Henry H. Saylor. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

past flower-lovers, or to such memories of his own past as he may recover by the aid of the printed page. One year the strong appeal may be found in such a book as Mrs. Earle's "Old-Time Gardens," and another may bring such a treasure as Mrs. Cecil's "History of Gardening in England," or Miss Jekyll may have found time to share her boundless store of garden-wisdom with an eager world. They are all good books, — the alert and practical handbooks or the leisurely and scholarly histories: since no book can lack in interest in which the processes by which a plant has been, or may be, brought from seed to seed are faithfully recounted, and no page can be utterly dull on which are printed those flower names which have always meant so much to mankind.

America will never equal England in the practice of gardening. The advantages of soil and climate are all with the mother-country; and our own land, with its long hot summers and long cold winters, offers many new gardening problems which we are yet too young to solve intelligently. Among English garden books of the present season, the one which seems to offer the most help is Miss Madeline Agar's "Garden Design in Theory and Practice." Had she signed her work "M. Agar," no critic would have hesitated to refer to the author as being one of the sons of that Adam who, in spite of his faults and of the "endless woe" he is accused of having brought upon his luckless descendants, is still the patron-saint of gardeners. An immense amount of knowledge concerning all that lies at the root of good gardening is evident in Miss Agar's preliminary chapters on sites, aspects, soils, fertilizers, drainage, road-building, walls, hedges, water-supplies, etc. Then follows the more interesting section of the book, in which the good growing things which are to adorn the finished grounds are set forth in all their ageless beauty. Written primarily for English owners of estates of more or less magnitude, the book is nevertheless full of helpfulness for the American owner of a mere fragment of an acre, since it will inspire him to do his best with what he has, and to add field to field.

About once a year Mr. Eben E. Rexford gathers together a sheaf of the notes which he writes for the various journals to which he is a constant contributor, and sends them forth in book form. "Amateur Gardencraft" is the title of his latest volume, which is concerned with lawn and field no less than with the garden. Mr. Rexford's advice is always sound and always clearly written, and this new volume "for the home-maker and garden lover" should find a wide field of usefulness.

Miss Hanna Rion gives a pleasant indication of her attitude toward the garden in the impulsive title she has chosen for her cheerful book, "Let 's Make a Flower Garden." She reveals herself on one of the first pages, where she says: "In all the world's classics none contain the inexhaustible lure, the enchantment, the dream material, to be found in seed catalogues." After such an introduction, one has a right to look for all sorts of happy-go-lucky experiences and experiments; nor is one disappointed. Who ever before thought of sowing the freshly-spaded strips of earth between the blossoming rows of the strawberry-bed with Drummond's phlox? Yet who, reading of Miss Rion's success in this experiment, does not long to imitate her venture? What delver in the dirt can withhold sympathy with her assertion that "a garden planned for you by someone else would as little fit your needs as a friend's advice would solve your own private life-riddles"? And how pretty to call the plot devoted to iris and lilies, "Kingdom Come"! "Let 's Make a Flower Garden" is an uncommonly pleasant and valuable little book, full of good sense and practical helpfulness.

Mr. Wright's "Popular Garden Flowers" is the third of a trilogy of garden books to the making of which the author has brought much experience and much devotion. In this latest volume, he has arranged the familiar garden-flowers alphabetically, giving each one a chapter, in which he outlines its story, its place in folk-lore, its various names, with a hint of what the poets have had to say concerning it, and then a careful series of directions as to its practical needs. The chapters on transportation and exhibiting are of little present use to Americans, who, as far as flower-shows are concerned, are poor to the uttermost verge of poverty; but perhaps they will help to ring in the better days that are to be in this respect.

If it were not for her memory of the gardens of the Old South, sweet with the unforgotten scent of numberless roses, it is quite possible that Mrs. Georgia Torrey Drennan had never written her monograph on "Ever-blooming Roses," — which would have been a great pity. There is sure to be wide welcome for a new book on the flower which has always and everywhere reigned supreme in men's hearts; and so constantly is the culture of the rose leading to newer and greater triumphs, that there is a constant demand for new handbooks on the subject.

Mrs. Drennan's lists are particularly valuable, as using the nomenclature of American growers. Among other features, she gives us old recipes for preparing the delicate confection known as candied rose-leaves, for the distillation of rose-water, and for the compounding of *pot-pourri*,—all gentle occupations of more leisurely days which it will be well to have reinstated in the household.

Mr. Henry H. Saylor dates his enrollment in the ancient and honorable guild of rosarians from the hour in which he found "a well-thumbed copy of good old Dean Hole's 'Book about Roses'" in an old bookshop. How many feet have been guided into the way of peace by that beloved gospel, and how many a lesser epistle has been inspired by that dear divine! Mr. Saylor's little handbook on "Making a Rose Garden" has much to offer of practical suggestion. Its list of "Dependable Roses" is excellent, and its plan for a rose garden suited to the moderate purse and limited time which the average amateur is able to devote to the goddess is worthy of much praise.

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

IN THE WONDERLAND OF TRAVEL.*

The summer travel season is upon us, and with its advent there comes from the press a goodly number of books to tell us where preëminently the thirst for romance and natural beauty and artificial wonders is to be quenched. Not that any one journal of travel or formal guide-book can prescribe for every variety of this thirst; but it will be strange if some one or more out of the season's supply of such publications cannot be of help to any undecided vacationer casting about in his mind where to spend his summer holiday. A half-score of the most noteworthy and promising of these travel books are here to be noted—with too great brevity, perforce, but with cordial commendation of their several excellences.

A chance to see the great world came somewhat late in life to "The Princess," as the author of "Traveller's Tales" exultantly calls herself, her Prince being the personified Opportunity who has pushed his way to her through the hedge of thorns and led her forth to roam over Europe for one delightful year, whose memorable incidents are chronicled in letters to a friend at home. Landing, with the "Laird" and the "Child," at Antwerp soon after the death of King Edward, the writer sees the sights of Belgium, Germany, England, Scotland, France, and Spain, ending her travels with a second visit to England and a view of the coronation ceremonies, which she pictures in a few brisk and telling strokes of the pen. She has the gift of imparting novelty even to the hackneyed by describing it simply as she sees it through eyes that have been bathed in the fountain of youth. "To the young in spirit the world keeps open late," she takes pleasure in quoting at the opening of her first letter. Many illustrations, chiefly from photographs taken by the "Child," adorn the book, some chapters of which had already enjoyed public favor in a prominent journal before being collected and added to and issued in the present book-form. An excellent account of the Oberammergau sacred drama, the decennial repetition of which luckily occurred in the summer of the writer's travels, occupies one chapter. The freshness and readability of these "traveller's tales" will arouse the interest even of a jaded reader.

The brilliant splendors of color-pictures are for once, at least, not out of place in conveying some notion of the glow and the magnificence of our western wonderlands in the Sierra Nevada region, among the Rocky Mountains, and along the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. "Three Wonderlands of the American West," by Mr. Thomas D. Murphy, would be a noteworthy book even without its numerous reproductions of paintings by Mr. Thomas Moran. With these illustrations and its other decorative features the volume becomes a work of art as well as a useful guide-book and a treasury of first-hand information for the nature-lover and the tourist. Thirty-two uncolored pictures are added to the sixteen from Mr. Moran's brush, and three maps help the reader to get his bearings in the Yellowstone and Yosemite parks and the Grand Canyon, which are the "three wonderlands" chosen for detailed description. Some further wonders of the Pacific coast region furnish matter for a few supplementary pages and pictures. A passage from Mr. Murphy's preface, describing his earlier incredulous attitude toward the alleged wonders of our great West, may strike a responsive chord in some of his readers. He says:

"I was only languidly interested until it chanced my good fortune to see several original paintings by Thomas Moran, the wizard who comes nearer than anything excepting a personal visit in presenting to the eyes the true spirit of

*TRAVELLER'S TALES. Told in Letters from Belgium, Germany, England, Scotland, France, and Spain. By "The Princess." Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST. By Thomas D. Murphy. With sixteen reproductions in color from original paintings by Thomas Moran, N.A., and thirty-two duogravures from photographs. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

THE YOSEMITE. By John Muir. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

SADDLE AND CAMP IN THE ROCKIES. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

THE SURGEON'S LOG. Being Impressions of the Far East. By J. Johnston Abraham. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

WINDMILLS AND WOODEN SHOES. By Blair Jaekel, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

LETTERS FROM FINLAND. By Rosalind Travers. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE SPELL OF FRANCE. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

ABOUT ALGERIA. By Charles Thomas-Stanford. Illustrated from drawings by F. Dorrien Thoroton, and from photographs. New York: John Lane Co.

IN THE CARPATHIANS. By Lion Phillimore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

these wonderlands, and making one realize their glorious color and grandeur. I found myself wondering if it could be possible that there was such an enchanted land as he portrays — such a land of weird mountains, crystal cataracts and emerald rivers, all glowing with a riot of color that seems more like an iridescent dream than a sober reality. It may be on account of this very scepticism that thousands never see the most inspiring marvels of our own country."

That unrivalled authority on the wonders of our far West and of our great national parks from whom Mr. Murphy takes occasion to quote at some length in his book, has himself just produced a volume of description and of personal adventure in the California paradise of the Yosemite valley. "The Yosemite" Mr. John Muir calls his book, and in this engaging fashion it begins:

"When I set out on the long excursion that finally led to California I wandered afoot and alone, from Indiana to the Gulf of Mexico, with a plant-press on my back, holding a generally southward course, like the birds when they are going from summer to winter. . . . All the world was before me and every day was a holiday, so it did not seem important to which one of the world's wildernesses I first should wander."

That was in the spring of 1868, when to some of us all the world was young, and to others of us there was not yet any world at all. To Mr. Muir it certainly was a fresh and interesting world, and his account of the portion of it then first opening to his view catches much of the charm with which it was invested for him. The natural-history notes that occur in some abundance increase the book's value to the student. Maps and striking landscape views are generously supplied.

A long-cherished desire on the part of Mr. Dillon Wallace to see some of the wilder sections of the Rocky Mountain region, and to visit the big game ranges and study the game conditions there, was at last gratified in the summer of 1910, when he had an opportunity to make a two-thousand-mile journey on horseback from southern Arizona to Montana, most of the way without guide or other companion. The story of this expert survey of the chief remaining haunts of our too-rapidly disappearing big game, with advice and suggestions as to the course to be followed if these denizens of the wild are not to be exterminated, is issued in a volume appropriately entitled "Saddle and Camp in the Rockies," and adorned with numerous illustrations from photographs taken by the author. The ways of the human as well as of the animal residents of this vast region are touched upon by the observant solitary horseman, and his narrative, divided into twenty-one chapters of never wearisome length, is excellent reading. But those who are acquainted with his "Lure of the Labrador Wild" and other books of hunting and exploring will know well enough what sort of good things to expect in this latest volume. The serious purpose of the book, however, should not be lost sight of amid its attractions of passing anecdote and graphic description.

Blithe was the mood of Dr. J. Johnston Abraham when, sentenced by his physician to a long banishment from England for his health's sake, he took passage in a tramp steamer for the far East. He himself, it appears, had been educated for the medical profession, or at least he was a qualified surgeon, for in that capacity he became one of the "Clytemnestra's" company when she weighed anchor at Liverpool and turned her prow toward Port Said, the first port touched in a rambling trading cruise in the Orient. An abundance of miscellaneous incident and page after page of lively conversation, with a multitude of camera views along the way, insure the reader of "A Surgeon's Log" against tedium. As a specimen of the author's fluent and unstudied style, here is a passage from a chapter devoted largely to Batavia:

"It was distressingly close — not a breath of air stirred. The heat was sweltering, and every one moped. Without the Chief, somehow no one seemed inclined to think of amusement. I busied myself taking photographs in the immediate neighborhood of Tanjong Priok. Once I elaborately stalked a policeman, to find, after painfully manœuvring to get him into a good light, that he was itching to have himself snapshotted all the time, and so my wariness had been all unnecessary. He posed himself delightedly, pulling his sword well round to the front, and then demanded 'comshaw.' A cigarette completely satisfied him."

A happy choice of title, a liberal use of anecdote, historical and legendary, and a generous supply of pictures, are some of the leading attractions of Mr. Blair Jaekel's "Windmills and Wooden Shoes," a book for the intending tourist of Holland, and equally enjoyable if the reader has already toured that country, or even if he is content to confine his touring to stay-at-home travels of the literary sort. The writer attempts no extraordinary, out-of-the-way excursions in his Dutch sight-seeing; perhaps there are no such unusual routes to be found in so small and densely-peopled a land. The old and familiar has its charm no less than the new and strange. Mr. Jaekel's frequent scraps of history pleasantly recall one's Motley, and even arouse a desire to re-read the stirring chronicle of little Holland's defiance of Spain. The occasional departures from approved English idiom in the pages of the book need not shock one; perhaps they indicate a greater familiarity with the language spoken in the land of windmills and wooden shoes than with that heard in the country of skyscrapers and the latest pattern of fashionable foot-gear.

The intimacy and vivacity of private correspondence have imparted a certain liveliness and humor and pleasing personal tone to Miss Rosalind Travers's "Letters from Finland." She is best known as a writer of poetry, and when she undertook to produce a book of travel she felt somewhat at a loss how to go about it. "Be concrete and personal, and avoid generalities as you would poison," was the advice of a trusted friend. Naturally she found it impossible to follow this counsel undeviatingly in a descriptive work; but she kept it before her as an ideal, and it seems to have influenced her style in a manner likely to please her readers. The letters cover the period from August, 1908, to March, 1909, and are agreeably interspersed with fragments of verse, both

original and translated. As illustrating the book's happy blending of the concrete, sometimes even the commonplace, and the sublime, we quote this from the middle of the volume:

"For once I am writing to you from one of 'the best hotels' [the Cascade Hotel at Imatra]. No doubt they respond to some deep-seated need of human nature, but, for my part, I only find them expensive and depressing. They charge twice as much as the smaller inns, and — since neither the wash-stands nor the supply of hot water are doubled — what does it benefit one? I cannot eat twice as much food as usual, and I do not want a band during meals.

"Here of course one pays for the neighbourhood of Imatra. Resist the temptation to call it Imátra, for, like all Finnish words, it has the accent on the first syllable. The renown of this very mighty waterfall is ancient, and has gone out into all lands. It is mentioned in the *Kalevala* by Joukahainen, 'He, the meagre youth of Lapland,' the singer who matched himself against Väinämöinen. . . .

"Imatra is so magnificent that it can bear its fame, and not shrink when the Finns call it the finest cataract in Europe, for it is the overflow of a thousand lakes, the tribute of Saima and all his brethren of the north."

Pictures from photographs, paintings, and drawings help the writer to interpret the beauties and the wonders of Finland.

Readers of the French poet Mistral, and of our own Mr. Janvier, stand in need of no solemn assurance that the Midi exerts a charm on all but the stolidest visitors. Still more will the visitors themselves subscribe to all that Mrs. John H. Mason (Caroline Atwater Mason) has to say in its praise in her tasteful volume, "The Spell of France." It was not, she tells us, until she had journeyed through southern France that the spell of the country was laid upon her. From Lyons to the Mediterranean, and from the Riviera to the Spanish frontier, she conducts her readers "among the mountains and rivers of *Old France;* among the mighty remains of an earlier civilization; among its legend-haunted castles, churches, and abbeys; among fields of olive and vine, and the roses and nightingales of Provence; among the green pastures and sweet waters of the Pyrenees; under the palms and pines and orange groves, the sky and air of the Mediterranean." Description and history and personal adventure are judiciously mingled in Mrs. Mason's leisurely chapters. The book is one of a series, of which she has already written "The Spell of Italy," and like the previous numbers this one is profusely illustrated from photographs.

The motor-car, with the good roads it has brought in its train, has in the last few years laid open Algeria, a country of magnificent distances and admirable highways, to the novelty-seeking tourist. Mr. Charles Thomas-Stanford, F.S.A., has produced a good book of such random sight-seeing in Algeria as was only made possible by this coexistence, in time and place, of the petroleum chariot and the macadamized road. "About Algeria" is the short and sufficient title of the work, with a subtitle indicating that attention is devoted chiefly to Algiers, Tlemçen, Constantine, Biskra, and Timgad. In the author's preliminary mention of previous book-writing tourists in Algeria, he asserts that "the guide-books to Algeria, in the English language at all events, are, in view of modern conditions of travel, hopelessly out of date," failing to note the recent publication of what is, in its way, an excellent up-to-date path-finder for the traveller,—Mrs. Emma Burbank Ayer's fine volume, "A Motor Tour through Algeria." Perhaps the book is of too recent date to admit of mention in the later work. A noteworthy chapter of the latter describes the ruins of the public library discovered at Timgad in 1901, but not identified as a library until five years later, when the missing fragment was unearthed of a tablet ascribing the founding of the institution to the Carnegie of his time, one Julius Quintianus Flavus Rogatianus, a Roman senator and a native of Timgad. The book's plentiful illustrations help to demonstrate that Algeria is indeed "a country brimful of interest, historical and actual."

"This book was written for those who stay at home," says Mr. Lion Phillimore in presenting his volume of Carpathian wanderings ("In the Carpathians") to the gentle reader. Transylvania and Galicia and Moldavia and Wallachia are not exactly every-day or even every-year haunts of English and American travellers, so that comparatively few readers are likely to be other than those who stay at home, as far as the Carpathian Mountains are concerned. The book abounds in scenes and incidents and characters sufficiently out of the ordinary to make its pages inviting. The author and his companion, "Bobby," seem to have had a considerable taste of "roughing it" in the remote regions visited; but the beauties of the mountain scenery must have amply repaid them. From the abundant talk with the natives that gives liveliness to Mr. Phillimore's pages we are tempted to quote an amusing dialogue (but will merely indicate its substance) betraying a current conception of New York as the capital of England and of the United States as the centre of the English-speaking world. Possibly this is a bit of the geography of the future. A map of the Carpathians, with the route followed marked in red, is appended to the book; but no pictures vie with the narrative in holding the reader's pleased attention, nor does any index follow to obliterate the impression of careless spontaneity on the part of the maker of the book.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

AN important work announced for early autumn is the journal of Macready, the famous actor, which has been prepared for the press by Mr. William Toynbee. Macready wrote up his diary with great regularity, and although Sir Frederick Pollock had access to the manuscript when preparing the "Reminiscences" that appeared two years after Macready's death, it was thought that the time had not come for allowing the many references to contemporaries to be published. This veto has now been removed, and the coming volumes will give us many fresh glimpses of Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Browning, Forster, Sir Theodore Martin, and other members of Macready's brilliant circle.

New Light on the Dark Continent.*

To the European reader the Dark Continent presents interests predominantly commercial and political in their origin and force, with the added zest of propinquity. To the American reader, on the other hand, the lines of interest are historical, racial, and in a unique way idealistic — as evidenced by the founding of Liberia, the Stanley relief expedition, and the missionary enterprises of American origin; while to these is added somewhat of the charm and attraction of the unknown and distant — though the racial problems which the Ethiopian raises are ever within our doors. It is significant of the revival of interest in things African that this season sees so large a grist of books dealing with various phases of African life. Seven of the eight books here dealt with are of British authorship, and but one is written by an American. They view the land from many angles, — from the points of view of the sportsman, explorer, administrator, or journalist, of friend or critic of British rule.

A compact handbook of Africa copiously drawn from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (with due acknowledgements) and other sources, supplemented by a modicum of personal observation (apparently in Egypt) has been prepared by Dr. J. K. Goodrich. It is largely historical, descriptive, and statistical, forming a useful compilation of facts regarding Africa. Several chapters of general nature are of especial interest. These deal with the effect of European occupation as seen in the slave trade; with the Congo atrocities and other phases of commercial exploitation; with the liquor traffic; with the inborn laziness of the native, savage or educated, and his failure to accumulate property; with the railway, of which the untutored savage makes immediate and abundant use. The need of an adequate economic foundation based on agriculture and technical education is urgent. Ultimately the author believes the continent must be a "White Man's Africa." Details of the appropriation of African territory by European powers, and the readjustments in progress or pending, are set forth; and we are given an account of the Cape-to-Cairo railway project. The author has compiled a helpful bibliography of over a hundred titles, covering especially the recent works on the subject.

The most forbidding part of the Dark Continent is the Great Kalahari Desert, where a few scattered Bushmen and wretched Hottentots eke out a miserable existence. A picture of the wild life of these sandy wastes is to be found in Mr. Arnold W. Hodson's "Trekking the Great Thirst." The author's duties as sub-inspector of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police brought him into close contact with the native population, and gave him exceptional facilities for sport and travel through this little-frequented land. The main duties of the office which he held appear to have been the collection of the annual "hut tax" and the settlement of occasional tribal disputes. Beyond checking destructive internecine warfare and regulating the destruction of big game, the government appears to render little service to the native peoples of these desert wastes in return for this tax, whose main purpose appears to be to stimulate or compel the native to labor for the white man. Judging from descriptions and photographs, the term "hut tax" is severely stretched in applying it to the wretched wind-breaks of twigs and grass which the Bushmen call their homes. The writer fills his narrative of official tours with much detail of sport with hartebeeste, kudu, spring bok, and eland, and of adventure with leopards and the more formidable king of beasts. Not less exciting are his tales of the great desert, of lost spoor and parched pan where the wandering denizens of the desert were once wont to drink at night. It is a very vivid picture of desert travel and sport, of the wild life of shimmering treeless wastes and of the untutored savage, which Mr. Hodson leaves in the mind of his reader. His illustrations are abundant and unique in character.

Miss Marguerite Roby's account of her "Adventures in the Congo" is a book of wholly different character from Mr. Hodson's, though she too was in search of sport. She traversed the wilds of Central Africa to the north of Rhodesia on a bicycle, alone except for native porters, starting at the rail end of the northern extension of the Cape-to-Cairo line and skirting the eastern margin of Belgian Congo, emerging by way of Lake Victoria at Mombasa,

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* Africa of To-Day. By Joseph King Goodrich, sometime Professor in the Imperial Government College, Kyoto. With illustrations and a map. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Trekking the Great Thirst. Travel and Sport in the Kalahari Desert. By Arnold W. Hodson, F.R.G.S., Sub-Inspector of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police. Edited by A. E. Nellen; with introductory note by Sir Ralph Williams, K.C.M.G., Governor of Newfoundland, and a foreword by F. C. Selous. With illustrations and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

My Adventures in the Congo. By Marguerite Roby. With illustrations and a map. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Babes in the African Wood. By Hon. R. Gorell Barnes. With illustrations and a map. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Animal Life in Africa. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton, F.R.G.S., C.M.Z.S., late 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, Warden Transvaal Government Game Preserves. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. With illustrations and maps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria. An Account of an Official's Seven Years' Experiences in the Northern Nigerian Pagan Belt, and a Description of the Manners, Habits, and Customs of the Native Tribes. By Major A. J. N. Tremearne, B.A. (Cantab.), F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I. With illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Through Timbuctoo and across the Great Sahara. An Account of an Adventurous Journey of Exploration from Sierra Leone to the Source of the Niger, following its Course to its Bend at Gao and thence across the Great Sahara to Algiers. By Captain A. H. W. Haywood, F.R.G.S., Royal Artillery. With illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Alone in West Africa. By Mary Gaunt. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

exhausted by fever and stricken with blindness. Her main theme is a denial of the atrocities in the Congo attributed to the Belgians. Her attitude is significantly portrayed in these words: "When the conquering white enters a black country, labour he must and will have, let the theorists rave as they will." She evidently acted upon this belief in her treatment of her blacks, for she seems to have applied the chicotte to their bare backs on the slightest provocation, continuing this policy to the bitter end, and in spite of the fact that desertion, treachery, and sinister plot increased as she progressed on her journey. She quite fails to appreciate the significance of her one faithful boy, Thomas, in whose training the lash had no part. She saw no mutilations in her short journey on the edge of the rubber district; she interviewed Belgian officials for her information, and attributes the reported mutilations to native customs (doubtless a contributory factor). But, according to her own story, she was sick and even delirious during much of her transit of the Belgian territory. Her inadequately-founded conclusions might carry more weight had she not so flagrantly disregarded the canons of tropical travel in reckless exposure to fever, the tsetse fly, and noonday heat, as well as in the use of liquor; and had she not permitted a certain element of exaggeration to creep into her pages. The illustrations accompanying her narrative are excellent.

The hunting expedition, or "safari," of a London barrister and an American sportsman in British East Africa round about Mt. Kenai is described in Mr. R. Gorell Barnes's "Babes in the African Wood,"—a misleading title, for the enterprise was by no means infantile in proportions or success, and much of the hunt was carried on not in the woods but in grassy uplands. The author portrays vividly the long march, the cautious trekking, the patient watch by night for the return of the lion to his "kill," and the more dangerous and exciting stalk of the elephant in the jungle or of the wily "rhino" and treacherous buffalo. The work is written in entertaining style, with occasional lapses into jingling verse, and is abundantly illustrated from photographs often mediocre in quality and inadequately reproduced. An excellent chapter discusses outfitting for big-game hunting in East Africa, with details as to what to provide and where to buy it, and advice as to the qualifications and shortcomings of the various tribes who serve as porters, gun-carriers, and stalkers.

The sportsman or naturalist desiring to obtain a comprehensive account from authentic sources of the game animals, large and small (including even birds, reptiles, and fishes), of Africa will do well to consult Major R. Stevenson-Hamilton's "Animal Life in Africa." The author has spent many years in travel and sport in tropical Africa, and since 1902 has been Warden in charge of the game preserves for the Transvaal Government. His opportunities for first-hand knowledge of his subject are unique, for he spent nine years "not in hunting but in living among wild animals, studying their habits, and watching them gradually loose their intense fear of man." The writer is catholic in his views, and a noticeable candor pervades his pages.

> "Experience teaches that however incredible some narrative may appear at first sight, it may really be a perfectly correct description of what took place; and therefore the wider knowledge a man has of wild beasts and their ways, the less prone is he to disbelieve anything he may hear concerning them. Man, even savage man, is utterly outside the economy of wild life. There exists among the beasts of the forest a sort of freemasonry, to which he, and to some extent his domestic animals also, are strangers. The observer little by little becomes conscious of this, and the longer he studies wild animals in their native haunts the more forcibly does he realize his ignorance of the motives which often control their individual and collective actions."

An exceptionally high ethical standard (if one may apply such a term to any phase of the bloody business of hunting) is revealed in his treatment of the principles which should control the sportsman. He condemns the use of inadequate weapons, and of shooting unless one is certain of a reasonable chance of securing his quarry; and he is scathing in his estimate alike of the pot-hunter and of the so-called scientific collector who is a mere accumulator or who uses his license for profit-making. An extensive and detailed account of camp equipment and procedure, of the sportsman's outfit, and of independent travel in the wilds is given in the closing chapters. Appendices give in full the game laws and regulations for the various British dependencies in Africa. Several good maps, numerous photographs taken in the field, and a full index add to the value of the work. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt contributes a "foreword." The growing custom, followed in this book, of decapitalizing scientific names is to be deplored.

The remaining three books of our group deal with Nigeria and the Gold Coast,—fever-stricken wastes of swamp, jungle, forest, and desert, which, thanks to the services of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, are now open not only to trade and commerce but to primitive forms of travel for those who are duly inducted into the necessary hygienic precautions. British and French administration have brought order and safety for the wayfarer in all but the remotest corners of this ancient home of the slave-driver. Major Tremearne's volume entitled "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria" is based on seven years' experience as administrator in the remote wilds of Nigeria, among savage tribes upon whom allegiance to British authority rests but lightly and intermittently. A military atmosphere pervades the work, and the author is no disciple of Grotius, much less a defender of arbitration. He is, rather, a modern representative of the "old fighting spirit which has made the British nation what it is," a true follower of those venturesome souls who single-handed seized the trade and grasped the reins of power of a continent. With the sociological, educational, and intellectual invasion of Africa he has less sympathy.

"We are unfortunately educating the natives upon European lines, and the results are disastrous. A Filani chief who is proud of his rank is a man no one can help admiring; the ex-canoe boy with a smattering of Latin inspires one only with contempt. Our cantonments, too, are built according to English ideas, and we have spoiled the beauty of many a spot noted before for its loveliness. I suppose West Africa will some day be as safe as Ireland. A very desirable state of affairs for the Government, perhaps, but — heavens! — how dreary!"

The writer is of a scientific turn of mind, and introduces not only a narrative of his more exciting adventures among these savage and often warlike peoples, but devotes most of his book to an account of the social economy, superstitions and customs, music, dancing, occupations, head-hunting propensities, modes of travel, and folk-lore of the savage tribes of Northern Nigeria. Head-hunting is, or was, much the fashion among the warriors, and tails are still *de rigueur* for the women after marriage. These are not, however, of an anatomical nature, but rather curious constructions of beads and brass, often with a little iron bell added.

Captain Haywood's "Through Timbuctoo and across the Great Sahara" is a vivid picture of the rapid journey of an English officer, familiar with West African travel, from Freetown in Sierre Leone along the Upper and Middle Niger to Timbuctoo and thence across the desert wastes of the Sahara to Algiers. The writer is evidently an experienced and observant traveller, keen to note whatever is novel and significant along his path, and he wields a facile pen in relating his narrative. He tells us much of sport, native customs, natural features, and the social, political, and economic features of the tribes with whom he came in contact. The most interesting and novel part of his story is his account of his trip from Timbuctoo to Algiers across the Sahara by camel, — a race with thirst, and (at the season of his expedition) with death itself, for wells are few and far between, yield at the best but scanty supplies of water, and may go dry. A single mishap such as a straying camel, a broken waterskin, or an exhausted well, and the caravan comes to an untimely end. Marvellous indeed is the skill of the Arab guide in finding his way across these trackless wastes of shifting sand, and no less wonderful the instinct of the camel which leads him to the well. The author's vivid style and characteristic photographs render his account of the desert very interesting and realistic.

A newspaper woman's account of a trip for "copy" along the coast of West Africa through Sierre Leone, Liberia, the French Ivory Coast, and the Gold Coast into German Togoland is to be found in Mrs. Mary Gaunt's "Alone in West Africa." Much to the terror of District Commissioners on whom the responsibility of her safe conduct fell, she performed the seemingly impossible feat of going by land with porters along this coast instead of by the usual trading steamers. It is not an encouraging report which she gives of conditions in Liberia, "where the black man rules." Monrovia, the capital city, is without roads, and almost hidden by weeds and the jungle. A footpath leads to the Liberian College, and no one dreams of sanitation. The country lives on duties levied on goods in transit to and from the hinterland, but local enterprise is wholly stifled in the ignorance and sloth of the descendants of slaves who misrule the land. The retrogression of Liberia is the more marked by reason of the prosperity and sanitation of other West African towns under British, French, and German rule. The author praises most the thrift and enterprise noticeable in the German dependencies, where the methods of modern science are applied with thoroughness and often with a rigor to which the native is quite unwonted. This backwardness of the English settlements in contrast with those of the French, and especially the German, calls forth repeated comment. Miss Gaunt's book is unique among those here reviewed in the historical atmosphere which pervades its pages. She tells us that in the days of slave-trader and buccaneer, when Fever was unchallenged monarch of the Gold Coast, there sprang into intermittent notoriety along this shore a chain of forts or castles of English, French, Portuguese, and Danish origin, whose cemeteries filled faster than their courts or dungeons. Now they are all abandoned, and the trailing creepers of the jungle entwine their battlements, and shifting sands obliterate their defences. Quinine and the mosquito net are conquering the Guinea Coast, and the quest for rubber is opening the jungle where the search for gold failed.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

RECENT FICTION.*

The tragical history of Anne Boleyn should provide excellent material for a historical novel, and it has been turned to good account by Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradley in her ironically entitled "The Favor of Kings." Mrs. Bradley has been for several years one of the most successful American writers of short stories, but the present venture is her first work of considerable length. It is written in a spirit of high seriousness, intent upon portraying with close historical truth the character of the ill-starred queen,

*THE FAVOR OF KINGS. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE SQUIRREL CAGE. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE SECOND DELUGE. By Garrett P. Serviss. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

THE LAST TRY. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOULE CABINET. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE POSITION OF PEGGY. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE SIMPKINS PLOT. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: The George H. Doran Co.

and of reproducing the very form and pressure of the age and country in which her lot was cast. The work has been done in the most conscientious manner, and represents the labor of five or six years, during which period the subject has been studied not only in the light of the standard histories, but with constant reference to the sources. Every recorded word of Anne's own writing, as well as every saying attributed to her by others, has been carefully weighed, and, wherever possible, incorporated into the narrative. The State papers of the reign, the correspondence of the King, the Spanish ambassadors, the French court, and the Papal agents, the works of the old English chroniclers, have all been drawn upon for primary and collateral material, and used with skilful effect. A few inconsequential liberties have been taken, and are admitted, but in the main the work is faithful to fact, and will bear the scrutiny of the experts. The way in which the actual words of Anne and others are introduced into the dialogue is admirably artistic, and the feeling of romance is blended with the truth of history in a fashion to deserve very high praise. The method above suggested would, in the hands of a less experienced writer, be likely to result in an obviously artificial construction; the joints of the framework would be too clearly in evidence, and the brocades would hang too stiffly. We get almost nothing of this from Mrs. Bradley's deft cabinet work and investiture, but instead examples of living and breathing portraiture in a setting which suffers neither from over-elaboration nor from a pedantic insistence upon non-essentials. "I have tried to paint," says the author, "and to offer the Anne Boleyn of this story, a very human girl, gay and fearless and rashly proud, as the likeness of that Anne who dared and lost so long ago and whose blood was the first of any woman to stain an English scaffold." It would have been painfully easy, after the fashion of the Wardour Street school of historical fiction, to bedeck this narrative with rhetorical fustian and to bedew its course with tearful sentiment; we notice with relief that Mrs. Bradley has resorted to neither of these cheap devices, but has instead kept a high artistic aim well in sight as the tragedy inexorably develops and deepens to its close. We feel that the most episodical material introduced makes its contribution to the unity of the whole action, and the sense of tragic doom that comes with the closing chapters is like a storm-cloud that has been steadily gathering from the days of Anne's blithe and light-hearted maidenhood when she came to England from the French court, not unsophisticated, to see, to conquer, to win for herself the proudest rank the world could offer, and to realize in her downfall the vanity of all worldly ambitions. The chapters which bring her career to an end are made very fine indeed by the insight and power that they reveal, by their effect of artistic consummation, and by the distinction of their style. Much is to be expected from a writer whose first book exhibits such qualities as are to be found in "The Favor of Kings."

Middle-class society in an Ohio town of moderate size is minutely pictured by Miss Dorothy Canfield in "The Squirrel Cage." It is a microcosm of American society in general; at least, of that section thereof which feeds its idealism upon "The Ladies' Home Journal," and its ambitions and its antics are vividly suggested by the metaphor of the title. Into this environment Lydia Emery is plunged, after she is "finished" at a fashionable school and has had a year of foreign travel. Now Lydia is a nice girl, who has some notion of the things that really matter, but she is not strong enough to assert her individuality until society has worked its mischief upon her. She is persuaded and cajoled into accepting the husband that her environment has predestined for her, a pushing and successful business man to whom the conventions of "the squirrel cage" are social principles not to be questioned. Meanwhile, a real man, who has flouted convention, and learned to support himself by his own hands, is there in the background, and is clearly the one whom Lydia ought to have married. After several years of a mismated existence, the husband is killed in an accident, and the wife is left with one child in fact and another in prospect. She is morbidly convinced that she will not outlive the birth of the second child, and determines to entrust them both to the guardianship of the man who has turned his back upon society, hoping thereby to save their future from the dreary round of existence in "the squirrel cage." Fortunately, her fears are not realized, and she is spared to shape for them and for herself a saner mode of existence than that which has well nigh proved her undoing. Miss Canfield understands the folly of the sham and artificiality that clog most human lives, and satirizes it most effectively in her description. The picture is perhaps over-elaborated, but its truthfulness is beyond question.

Miss Katherine West, returning to her home in Westville, Indiana, after completing her education, which has included the study of law, finds Dr. West, her father, under indictment for bribery in connection with the construction of the municipal waterworks system of which he has been in charge. He is one of the most highly-respected of Westville's citizens, enjoying the complete confidence of the community, but the evidence that he has accepted money is convincing, and his plea that he thought the money a contribution to one of his philanthropical enterprises seems too flimsy to be considered. The case goes against him, and he is convicted and sent to prison. Thus opens Mr. Scott's "Counsel for the Defence." Then Katherine gets busy, suspecting a deep-laid conspiracy having its roots in a morass of political corruption, and determines to reopen the case and secure her father's rehabilitation. She gropes vainly about for evidence, but at length comes upon a clue, which she follows persistently to the end, revealing the whole conspiracy, and accomplishing her father's release. Her chief ally is the editor of a local newspaper, who has been particularly violent in his denunciation of Dr. West, but who is honest,

although brutal in his methods. Katherine is at first repelled by him, then attracted, and finally a love-story of considerable intensity develops between them. His somewhat old-fashioned notions of what a woman should be and how she should comport herself are rudely shocked by Katherine's activities, but he makes a graceful surrender when he realizes how effective her methods have been. The story is bluntly told, with a well-appointed plot and much dramatic force, and shows much intimacy with the sort of corruption, born of an alliance between business and politics, which is a festering sore in the life of so many American cities.

"Fate Knocks at the Door" is Mr. Will Levington Comfort's third novel, and again he impresses us by the opulence of his diction, by the range of his thought and observation, and by the intensity with which his characters are delineated and his situations unfolded. The underlying plan of the book is suggested by the structure of the symphony, and its four parts correspond to the four movements of the traditional sonata-form, being described by the conventional terms. In this there seems to be more of artifice than of reality, and if the table of contents did not give such a direction to our thoughts, the plan would not otherwise be apparent. That the writer has a deep sense of the power and significance of music is, however, made evident by many passages which could not have been written by one who had not felt music to be the most searching of agencies for the interpretation of life. It is through an acquaintance with the C minor symphony of Beethoven that the hero finds himself and comes to an understanding with humanity, while the motto of that work, *So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte*, supplies his story with a title. An even more appropriate title might have been borrowed from the closing words of "Faust,"

> "Das Ewigweibliche
> Zieht uns hinan,"

for the book is essentially a pæan in praise of womanhood as the source of all spiritual beauty, and as the inspirer of everything in character that is lovely and of good report. Although of American origin, Andrew Bedient has been cast upon the world in childhood, and by the time he is a young man has gained a rich experience of life on the seven seas, in the Philippines, in Kashmir, in Australia, and in the lands of the Caribbean. The Bible and the Bhagavad-Gita have been almost his only books when he makes his acquaintance with American fiction.

> "The love of man and woman which the stories in general exploited, struck him of Indian ideals as shifty and pestilential. The woman of fiction was equipped with everything to make her as common as man. She was glib, pert, mundane, her mind a chatter-mill,—a creature of fur, paint, hair, and absurdly young. The clink of coins was her most favorable accompaniment, and her giving of self was a sort of disrobing formality. The men who pursued her were froward and solicitous. There was something of sacrilege about it all. The minds and souls of real women—such were not matters for American story; and yet the Americans wrote with dangerous facility. Bedient, who worshipped the abstraction, Womanhood, felt his intelligence seared, calcined. . . . Only here and there was a bit of real literature—usually by a woman. The men seemed hung up to dry at twenty-five. There was no manhood of mind."

In contrast to this conception of woman, we have the hero's own, which is thus formulated:

> "I believe that woman is the bread-giver, spiritual and material; that it is she who conserves the ideals and rewards man for fineness and power—when she has a chance. But I also believe that woman must conquer in herself—the love of luxury, her vanity, her fierce competition for worldly position—if only for the disastrous effect of such evils upon men. They force him to lower his dreams of her, who should be high-priestess. . . . It is woman who has turned the brute mind of the world from war, and woman will turn the furious current of the race to-day from the pits of trade, where abides the twentieth century lie."

In the face of such an idealism as this, how pitiful appears the ambition of women to achieve the vote, or to force themselves into the occupations which belong to men! There is a great deal of rhapsodizing in this book, and it clogs the plot considerably, but a plot there is, and a fairly interesting one. It chiefly concerns Bedient, and the young woman artist, Beth Truba, predestined to be his soul-mate. He finds her in New York, and the conquest, though difficult, is complete. Bedient has large possessions in Equatoria, which is a Spanish island-republic in the Carribean, and the narrative acquires swift dramatic action and vivid coloring in the closing chapters, which deal with an abortive revolution in that toy state. It is like the whirlwind finish of Mr. Comfort's last year's novel, with the rumblings of Mont Pelée for a chorus. The mysticism with which this book is more than tinged is not unpleasant, and gives it a special distinction. The style is at times affected to the point of turgidity, but at its best strikingly poetical and full of pregnant meanings.

The sort of scientific sensationalism which was made popular in fiction by Jules Verne, and of which Mr. H. G. Wells has been one of the most successful exponents in more recent years, has been resorted to in "The Second Deluge," by Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, the well-known popularizer of astronomical knowledge. The book tells of one Cosmo Versál, astronomer and physicist, who observes a slight dimming of the stars in a certain quarter of the heavens, and who, by means of a special spectroscope of his own invention, is enabled to prove that aqueous vapor is the cause of the obscuration. From these facts he concludes that a vast watery nebula has strayed into the solar system, and that the earth is making straight for it. It means condensation sufficient to envelope the globe with a film of water six miles deep, and the consequent extinction of all the land fauna, mankind included. Although Versál's predictions are supported by the most cogent reasoning, his warnings to the learned societies and governments of the world go unheeded, and he becomes an object of derision. He advises people everywhere to build arks while there is yet time, and himself sets the example by constructing an enormous vessel of levium (a newly-discovered metal), capable of providing accommodations for one thousand people. When the disaster becomes

imminent, this ark is the sole refuge of humanity, and it is filled with selected guests, representative of what is best worth preserving of the human race, besides being stocked with animals. As the earth nears the outer spirals of the nebula, there are prodigious portents, and when the deluge comes, the ark floats on the waters, and is navigated over the submerged continents, until it floats above the crest of the Himalayas. All of the race has perished except the remnant in Versál's ark, a few forehanded Frenchmen who have escaped in a submarine, and a group of refugees in Colorado, who have been saved by a fortunate "batholite," or forcing up of the earth's crust in that region by pressure from beneath. Mr. Serviss shows great inventiveness in the development of this story of a twentieth-century Noah, and his book is a fair match to Mr. Wells's romance, "In the Days of the Comet." The story ends with the beginnings of a new organization of human society in the Rocky Mountain region, at a time when the absorption of the waters has once more brought Mount Everest and the Thibetan plateau above the surface.

Those who remember pleasantly "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" and "The Princess Dehra," by Mr. John Reed Scott, will welcome the entertainment provided in "The Last Try," which tells of the later fortunes of some of the characters in those romantic inventions. The story is dated five years after the successful establishment of Dehra and her American consort upon the throne of Valeria, and the discomfiture of the pretender Lotzen. It tells of Lotzen's last desperate effort to gain his ends, including several attempts to assassinate the King, the kidnapping of the Princess, her exciting rescue, and the sword conflict in which Lotzen pays the final penalty for his misdeeds. The scene of the earlier chapters is in Washington, but the action is soon transferred to Valeria, where the atmosphere becomes thick with plot and counterplot, with intrigue, conspiracy, and exciting adventure. It is all stuff of a very artificial sort, but fairly good of its kind.

Mr. Burton Stevenson is one of our most successful spinners of detective yarns, and his "Mystery of the Boule Cabinet" holds the attention unrelaxed. That villainous piece of furniture is guilty of several baffling murders, for it has two secret drawers, and one of them is protected by a spring which injects hydrocyanic acid into the knuckles of those who fool with it, whereupon they keel over and die. This is the device of Crochard the Invincible, genius among French criminals, who has stolen the Michaelovitch diamonds and hidden them in the protected drawer. He then contrives to have the cabinet shipped to America to the address of a well-known collector of antiques, and, himself following, indulges in various machinations to recover possession of it. He finally gets away with the jewels, to the discomfiture of the French police agents, whom he tricks most ingeniously and outrageously.

Mr. Leonard Merrick is an English novelist, having a dozen or more books already to his credit, who has been winning golden opinions from discriminating critics, and who certainly deserves a wider popularity than he has hitherto enjoyed with American readers. The publisher who has recently undertaken to introduce him in this country has just put forth "The Position of Peggy," a new work, and "The Actor-Manager," one not quite so new. Both are concerned with the theatre in England and with the lives of the player-folk. The subject is one that Mr. Merrick knows through and through, and he deals with it sympathetically. His method is that of unaffected simplicity and naturalness, a method which is content to give a plain transcript of real conditions, and which aims neither at ingeniously strained situations, nor at sensational effects. The actors who are Mr. Merrick's heroes and heroines are in no way showy persons of widely-advertised fame, but humble members of the profession who find it hard to make a bare living, and who know at first hand the full meaning of the struggle with poverty. In each of the novels before us we are concerned with a man and two women. One woman is the wrong one, with whom the man gets entangled before he is old enough to make a wise choice, and the other is the right one, who saves him from the error of his youth. In "The Position of Peggy," there is a long engagement, brought about and kept up by the chivalry of the hero, but it does not lead to marriage, because Peggy's head is turned by her success in musical comedy, and she turns from her former lover to one of her gilded admirers, which leaves the former free to follow the promptings of his heart. In "The Actor-Manager," the hero marries one of his associates, only to discover that she is vain, selfish, and worldly, which means a hopeless clash between her ideals and his own. A divorce smoothes the path for the woman whom the hero has come to love, and the curtain goes down upon a prospect of happiness to come. One passage in this book is so timely, as expressing the aims and ideals of those who are now engaged in the Herculean task of making the stage a vital influence for good upon our modern life, that it deserves quotation. It is the vision of the "actor-manager" for whom the book is named.

"I see a small theatre, and at this theatre the one literary medium for the drama isn't held to be the baldest prose; poetry is neither divorced from the stage, nor limited to Shakespeare — it is thought possible to test the work of a poet who has *not* had centuries of advertising! But the realist is as welcome as the poet; oh, he is welcome! Only the plays are literature, and they are real plays. The men and women live! They are not puppets pulled by inexorable strings through four acts to a conventional end. Reward for virtue and punishment for vice are shown to exist in the soul, and not in material success and failure. To depict the world as a school, where virtue wins the prize and vice gets a flogging, is immoral. The parts around me aren't written down to bring *my* part into greater prominence. The dramatist who comes to me is free; free to be true to his own convictions and his art; free to choose his characters where he will, and to trace their legitimate development, free to make the 'lost' woman noble, and the 'godly' woman vile — for such things *are!* — and the love within him for

all humanity would point the moral when it needed pointing. The real playwright is your real optimist — your real Christ-follower, for he shows that sin doesn't mean damnation, and that there is redemption for the pure in heart. The one command laid upon him is to see things nobly — that his deeper vision shall help the crowd."

The Irish humorist known as "G. A. Birmingham," who was introduced to the American public a few months ago by the republication of a group of three of his novels,—"Spanish Gold," "The Search Party," and "Lalage's Lovers," reviewed in our issue of Feb. 16 last, — now claims our attention for a fourth book, "The Simpkins Plot." Here, as in "Spanish Gold," we make the acquaintance of the Reverend J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballymoy, and his friend, Major Kent. The parson, who is as audaciously resourceful as ever, finds an object for his dark devices in an attractive young woman whom he meets on a railway train, bound like himself for Ballymoy. She is in reality an inoffensive woman of letters, a niece of Sir Gilbert Hawkesby, and has taken an Irish country house for the summer, in order that she may have a quiet place for her work. But it so happens that she closely resembles a murderess who has been acquitted only the day before by an emotional jury, in the face of a terrific charge by Sir Gilbert himself. The parson, having seen illustrated newspaper reports of the case, mistakes his travelling companion for the murderess, and, engaging her in conversation, seeks to draw her out. He becomes quite convinced of the identification, and when he learns, on reaching Ballymoy, that the peace of the place has recently been disturbed by the doings of a meddlesome government inspector named Simpkins, who has become very unpopular in the community, he sets about planning ways and means for the removal of this inconsiderate intruder. Believing that the young woman is guilty of the murder of her husband, and assuming that she would cheerfully murder another, having "got away" with her first experiment in crime, he determines that Simpkins shall be persuaded to make love to her. If the match is accomplished, it will prove a convenient and expeditious way of ridding the village of his undesired presence. The rest of the story deals with his devices for bringing the two together, and for getting them interested in one another. Unfortunately for the parson's hopes, the Major himself becomes enamored of the young woman, and when Sir Gilbert himself appears upon the scene, the guest of his niece, the whole imaginative fabric upon which the plot is based crumbles to the ground, and Simpkins is saved, from matrimony if from nothing worse. The whole farcical situation is handled with great skill, and with much joyous exhibition of the humors of Irish character. The parson is the same loquacious, audacious, and inventive person who figured in "Spanish Gold," and it is refreshing to be once again in his society. This irresponsible light-hearted comedy is an ideal book for the lazy summer hours.

William Morton Payne.

Various Books for Summer Reading.

Outdoor scenes and thoughts from Whitman.

An anthology so distinctly worth while that one is surprised that it had not been attempted before is "The Rolling Earth" (Houghton), a little volume of passages on Nature and out-door life selected from Walt Whitman's poems and diaries. Much has been said of Whitman's curious blending of egoism with the sense of brotherhood; his more intemperate disciples have written of his resemblance to Christ; and hostile critics have attacked his exhibitionism and his indifference to artistic form. But few writers have fitly emphasized his attitude toward Nature—as Mr. John Burroughs, his life-long friend and fellow observer, has done pithily and charmingly, in an Introduction contributed to the present volume. In these varied and well-chosen selections, Whitman speaks in his own person, watching "God's calm annual drama" with never-failing sympathy and receptivity. Insect and bird, tree and flower, dawn and twilight, noon and night, sea and land, and the inscrutable "rolling earth" itself, all are represented here, and before all of them Whitman stands fervid yet reverent, seeking to read "the unspoken meanings of the earth." In this reading, Whitman, like his contemporary Thoreau, was greatly aided (and hindered at times, no doubt) by his delicate and powerful sensuousness. With him, the sense of smell, for instance, normally the most sluggish of the senses, was extremely active. There is an "exquisite smell of the earth at daybreak," and the night has a "natural perfume belonging to the night alone." The odor of apples, of the cedar, and of Indian corn, pervades many of his pages. Corn when gathered has an aroma "rich, rare, ripe, peculiar," and at night is "just-palpable." He was fond of just-palpable odors, but he loved also the strong perfume of lilac blossoms. The complex impressions of the night, he says, came to him chiefly through the sense of smell. "There is a scent to everything," he wrote in his diary; "even the snow, if you can detect it — no two places, hardly any two hours, anywhere, exactly alike." And what is true of his sense of smell is substantially true of his other sensuous faculties. So highly did he value these that he even spoke of the "soul senses," and asserted that the spirit receives from the body no less than it gives. Significantly, one of the commonest words in his writings is "absorbing." He absorbed anything as bulky as Kanada, or as impalpable as the dusky green of the cedar. Everything in Nature — fresh air, swamp odors, the song of the wood-thrush — was to him so much spiritual food. In most of Whitman's greatest poems — "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," and isolated passages such as that beginning "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night," Nature is more prominent than the democratic propaganda that Whitman was impelled so insistently to set forth. The mystical revelation of Nature's meanings came to him, it

should be noted, on a "transparent summer morning" when, as he says, he and his soul lay together on the ground (a passage which, unfortunately, has not found its way into this collection); and throughout his life Whitman sought to bring everything to the test of the open air — all books, all observation, all philosophy and religion. He spoke his own poems to the wind, and bade his readers do likewise. Born and bred on "fish-shaped Paumanok," with clover and winding lanes and "cow-processions" about him, and the moody ocean rolling its waves to the shore almost within hearing distance, he learned to love Nature, both pastoral and wild. Gentle Nature he celebrated especially in his diaries covering the years of his convalescence in New Jersey; wild Nature, generally the ocean, he celebrated constantly in his verse. The little volume embodying the best of this writing has been given an attractive setting by its publishers.

Essays in idleness.

Kindred in lightness of mood and manner, and in an intention to reveal the unsuspected charm of every-day living, are two volumes of recently-issued essays, — one, called "First and Last," containing a fresh supply of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's dainty trifling (Dutton); the other, "Romance and Reality" (Kennerley), being practically Mr. Holbrook Jackson's introduction to our reading public. Mr. Jackson is of the school of Chesterton and Belloc; in thought he has closer affinity with G. K. C., but the graceful rather than forceful style of his essays is nearer to Mr. Belloc's gentle, genial way of putting things. Mr. Jackson opens fire with a distinctively Chestertonic declaration.

> "I like to do nothing, — to sit by a fire in winter, or in a garden in summer; to loaf on a sea-beach with the sun on me; to hang over a pier-head and watch the waves in their green and white tantrums; to sit in a brasserie on a Parisian boulevard with a common bock, and the people moving to and fro; . . . to forget haste and effort in old empty churches, or drowsy taverns; to rest by a roadside hedge, or in a churchyard where sheep browse; to sit on a fence — these things please me well."

Work, in Mr. Jackson's philosophy, is a necessary and almost universal evil; possibly, too, it adds relish to idleness, — to the happy margin of real living for which it provides the means. Doing nothing involves, for Mr. Jackson, besides sitting about in pleasant places, "going to Nowhere," — along the open road with its wayside treasures, or by city streets that never yield up the full richness of their humanity to the man who is hurrying somewhere. It involves, also, an acceptance of the gospel of "Peterpantheism," — a realization that, in the capacity for pure joy of living, "the most superb adult is a dismal failure beside a child making mud pies or a kitten chasing its tail." And with the spirit of youth, of play and make-believe, with the love of "going to Nowhere" and seeing much by the way, go a hot distaste for the noisy trafficking of our "hucksters' age," a deep pity for the hopeless, hunger-tamed wrecks of humanity, who, borne down by the struggle, have lost their capacity for joy and become almost indifferent to pain, and an enthusiastic appreciation for the men who are interpreting the age, and furnishing it with a varied gospel of betterment. Mr. Jackson's "Introductions," as he terms his casual interpretations of Maeterlinck, Chesterton, Wells, Robert Blatchford, and Will Rothenstein, contain some of his most sincere and earnest work. Particularly good, as is natural considering the kinship of their thought, is the Introduction to Mr. Chesterton. — Mr. Belloc's idea of amusing himself with life is to prick its popular fallacies and to supply odd data that will give color to its current commonplaces. The commonplaces he fronts squarely; he has none of Mr. Chesterton's art of making them appear suddenly new and strange. His way is to interpret them by parable, to tinge them with kindly irony, to look at them through the eyes of old men, to invest them with the great associations of history. "First and Last" contains many entertaining, if not momentous, discussions on such varied topics as cheeses, captains of industry, St. Patrick, the tide, the Public, and the Battle of Hastings. It is just the sort of book to explore on a rainy holiday afternoon. Its adventures are quainter than Mr. Jackson's, less strenuous, less youthful. For a sunny, windy, sea-side holiday, Mr. Jackson's book will be in better tune.

For the traveller in Italy.

We are glad to call attention to the revised editions of Grant Allen's admirable guide-books to Venice, the Umbrian Towns, and the Smaller Tuscan Towns, and especially to the new volume on the delightful group of little Tuscan cities, — Arezzo, Pistoia, Lucca, Pisa, Siena, and the rest, — that are so deservedly dear to all lovers of Italy. These volumes (published by Messrs. Holt) are attractive and convenient in form, clear, orderly, well-written, and constructed on sound principles. While they are adapted typographically to the use of the hurried traveller, they assume a stay of some length in the fascinating towns they describe, and they therefore lead the visitor to the monuments in chronological sequence, so that, at the end of his stay, he may have a really organic impression of the city as a whole, of its history and its art. They are enriched with well-executed reproductions, from photographs, of monuments elsewhere for the sake of comparison with those described in the text. The idea is a good one, and might be carried further to advantage. But the great value of the series, in our judgment, resides in the emphasis laid upon what may be called the human, as distinguished from the exclusively artistic, interest of the monuments. Mr. Maurice Hewlett somewhere says: "The question whether this or that bad picture is by Duccio or Cimabue is nothing to me. Sufficient is it that somebody painted the thing to somebody's order. Now how near does it take me to those dead people in whose country I stand?" This point of view is applicable to all pictures, good as well as bad, and indeed to all artistic production; and it is to the credit of the editors of this series that they have adopted it. In the in-

troduction to the volume on Venice, Mr. Allen wrote: "Instead of looking upon monuments . . . mainly as the product of this or that architect, I look upon them rather as material embodiments of the spirit of the age — crystallizations, as it were, in stone and bronze, in form and colour, of great popular enthusiasms." As a consequence, the traveller is led to see the human uses to which architecture and painting were put in the brave days of old, and it is impossible that such associations should not give a vitality and permanence to his impressions that they could hardly otherwise have. Naturally, this admirable principle is not perfectly carried out; but, at least, the traveller who uses these guide-books will never be able to think of the churches he has seen as mere museums, nor the pictures as utterly divorced from the altars over which they once hung. The errors that we have noted are neither numerous nor important. The account of Assisi is perhaps, to a sensitive eye, unduly colored by the preconceptions of M. Sabatier. At any rate, the interesting little chapel in the fields below the city, which M. Sabatier, in defiance of tradition, calls "the true Rivo Torto," is dedicated not to San Giovanni, but to San Rufino d'Arce, a local saint. The Sodoma frescoes on either side of the altar in the chapel of St. Catherine at San Domenico in Siena are wrongly described. The one represents the Stigmatization of the Saint at Pisa, the other the occasion when, not being able to go to the altar in San Domenico, she was communicated by Christ Himself. Considering the great influence of Catherine in her own day and her permanent hold upon the affections of men, it seems hardly justifiable to reduce her biography to the statement that she was "the daughter of a dyer, born in Siena in 1347." Finally, in the article on Montefalco, that little shrine of Umbrian art, there is a typical guide-book error, which is not common, we think, in this series, but which is worth noting for its moral. In the church of San Francesco, there is a group of three saints attributed to Lo Spagna, and named, on the canvas itself, "S. Vicentius, S. Illuminata, S. Nicolaus." These names the article accepts without question or comment. But inasmuch as the female saint is crowned and bears the palm and wheel, it requires no great knowledge of hagiology to identify her, in spite of the inscription, as St. Catherine of Alexandria. Moreover, the name Nicholas, without qualification, is misleading; for in Umbria it generally means Nicholas of Bari, while the saint so named in this picture is plainly Nicholas of Tolentino, who flourished a thousand years later than the benevolent bishop. But these are trifles. The books are invaluable to all intelligent travellers in Italy.

A hand-book of American forestry.

The best book on American Forests, their use and conservation, that has yet been written is Mr. Simon B. Elliott's "The Important Timber-Trees of the United States," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. There are larger tree-books, sumptuous and expensive volumes dealing with our trees in scientific manner and telling us all about their relationships and their kinds; but there is no other that gives us in clear and concise form the wisdom of the trees, the science of the forest. The author is a trained forester; he has been for many years a member of the Pennsylvania Forestry Commission, and so knows whereof he speaks. While we are all prone to admire the forests, to grow eloquent in their praise, here is one man at least who with his associates is actually doing something to make these gifts of nature permanent, teaching men to use and not to destroy, to cover the mountains with the mantle of protection and not leave them to be ruined by the merciless erosion of the elements. Mr. Elliott's handbook is so well arranged, so beautifully illustrated, and so simple in style, that it can be enjoyed and used by everybody. The forest-owner will want it, to aid him in the care of his estate; the lumberman must have it and follow its counsels, or his industry will perish; the farmer will read it and learn to save his hillsides from erosion and his meadows from destruction. In short, this is a book on real conservation; but it is a book on restoration as well. It tells us not only how to use the land that is ours, but how to retrieve the follies of yesterday, — how to rebuild the waste places, how to save our soil-wealth from ultimate destruction. The first of the two parts into which the volume is divided is for the land-owner, who may learn here to plant the seeds of the grove, how to care for seedlings, how to transplant. The second part describes every valuable forest tree of the country, and enumerates its qualities and its possibility of service in human industry. The book as a whole is as timely as it is valuable. Its precepts must be heeded, and heeded now, if this nation would avoid the irretrievable disaster that has befallen Palestine and Spain.

The book of Moths and Butterflies.

Amateurs as well as those more advanced in the study of butterflies will rejoice over the very intelligible "Butterfly and Moth Book" by Mrs. Ellen Robertson-Miller. The book begins with the statement that "the history of a moth or butterfly is a veritable fairy-tale, and of absorbing interest when we study the development of the insect through the four periods of its existence." The story of over thirty moths or butterflies is traced through the egg, caterpillar, pupa, and winged stage, and made clear not only by the text, but by a wonderful series of photographs. Even the ignoramus to whom all caterpillars are only ugly crawling things cannot repress a dip into the book here and there to find out how the beautiful Modesta comes from her ugly "worm of promise," or the Viceroy from a caterpillar all humps and bumps. And ten to one after a dip or two he is in for the whole book, and comes out an ignoramus no longer, — which is to say that the book accomplishes the rare alliance of scientific accuracy and fulness with popular interest. The answer to the common query, "How can I tell a moth from

a butterfly?" is thus clearly stated: "Usually by the feelers or antennæ located on the head — those of a butterfly being always thread-like and clubbed at the end, while those of moths vary according to species and are of several different patterns. Another difference is that the majority of moths fly at night and the butterflies in the daytime; and, again, the moths rest with wings held horizontally, in roof form, or wrapped about the body, while butterflies when at rest usually hold their wings in a vertical position." Nearly all of the very numerous illustrations are beautiful to look at, and all have the merit of showing just the points most needed for perfect exposition. (Scribner.)

An incautious cicerone.

An up-to-date guide-book, that should prove useful to the traveller, is Mr. Douglas Sladen's "How to See Italy" (Pott). In its nearly 600 pages, illustrated by 160 reproductions from photographs, with its large map, detailed descriptions of routes by rail, steamer, motor, or carriage, nearly all practical matters connected with Italian travel are well considered. As a guide-book to town and country, to scenery and places, it seems entirely trustworthy. It is quite otherwise than trustworthy, however, when it deals with pictures, sculpture, and antiquities in general. Here, the author speaks with an air at once so definite and so debonair as to amaze a cautious student. For example, he twice speaks of the statue of a draped female figure found at Antium more than thirty years ago as "recently discovered," and adds that "it represents a school-girl." As a matter of fact, no statue more shrouded in mystery has ever perplexed the student; and because archæologists are to-day as ignorant of its authorship, name, and place in the history of Greek art as they were thirty years ago, the figure is still often called "The Maiden of Mystery." But, whatever it may or may not be, it is pretty certain that the statue does *not* represent a school-girl. Other similar slips may be noted; but usually they are amusing rather than serious blemishes.

Wild birds in their haunts.

The enthusiastic student of birds cannot help applauding what Mr. Augustus Wright Bomberger says in the Introduction to his "Book of Birds" (Winston): "There is perhaps less danger of becoming a mere one-sided specialist along this line in the natural world around us than any other. It is hard to be narrow and contracted of spirit amidst the sweet and multitudinous voices of the wingéd creatures of the air." The author calls himself a beginner in bird-lore, and writes in the hope of helping beginners; but it would be difficult to imagine any old professor of "birdology" who would not take pleasure in this book, it is so genuine, and so full of the love of anything that wears feathers — and sings. Bewitching photographs of nests, and of youthful kingfishers, crows, catbirds, warblers, and especially red-eyed vireos, who are still in bed or "who ought to be in bed," delight the eye. Verses by the author punctuate the chapters and gratify the ear. A good key is appended, though the book is meant "to arouse and inspire rather than instruct." An interesting fact which further commends it is that the site of Mr. Bomberger's study is Western Pennsylvania, near where Audubon lived. All the birds of this region are met in their haunts; and their habits, with many of their sayings, are lovingly reported.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The late Dr. W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide to Europe," which for forty years has proved an almost indispensable adjunct to the paraphernalia of the vacation tourist abroad, makes its annual reappearance in a revised edition for 1912. The revisions seem to have been extensive this year, as the type is entirely reset and the volume printed from new plates throughout. Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. are the publishers.

Another batch of "Home University Library" volumes (Holt) further emphasizes the usefulness of this publishing enterprise, and the competency of the writers whom it enlists. One could not well ask for something better than such handy volumes as Dr. A. F. Pollard's "History of England," and Mr. A. G. Bradley's "Canada," and Mr. W. Warde Fowler's "Rome," and Mr. G. L. Strachey's "Landmarks in French Literature." These are readable books as well as trustworthy ones.

Although emanating, according to the date-line of the Preface, from the "Department of History, University of Washington," Miss Katherine Berry Judson's "Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest" (McClurg) is a popular rather than a scholarly work. The volume contains some seventy brief Indian myths; and is illustrated by many half-tones of Western scenery, and a few more pertinent plates. The tales are interesting; but they arouse the suspicion that, like many recent attempts to reproduce folklore, they have gained sophistication and literary effectiveness at the cost of their true primitive flavor.

Miss May Sinclair, the novelist, has published through the Women Writers' Suffrage League of London a pamphlet entitled "Feminism," in which she disposes very conclusively of the pseudo-scientific argument recently advanced by Sir Almroth Wright to the effect that hysteria and neurosis are the pathogenic agents responsible for the modern suffrage movement. The booklet deserves wide circulation. Suffragists will find in its pages many effective barbs for their argumentative shafts; but especially is it to be recommended to those honestly in doubt as to the character and purpose of the present-day feminist movement.

"Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers" is a good-sized manual, prepared by Mrs. Caroline A. Creevy, which classifies flowers by a new system presumably easier than the old. "This classification is the one presented in the seventh edition of 'Gray's Manual of Botany,' published in 1908, and embodies the decisions of the Vienna Congress of 1905" — so reads the publisher's notice of the book. It is a complete guide to the flowers of the Atlantic and Middle States, and to some extent of the Southern States. Numerous full-page plates, including several in color, illustrate the volume. Though too bulky for a hand-bag, it may easily be stowed in the suit-case of an enthusiastic botanist in his summer travels.

All lovers of English gardens, groves, and fields will rejoice in the new and enlarged edition of Mr. C. A. Johns's "Forest Trees of Britain," now entitled "British Trees and Shrubs" (Dutton). The new edition surpasses the old, not in the text (that remains unsurpassed), but in the lengthened list of species, in the descriptions of the finer small trees and shrubs suitable for lawn and garden, and above all in the increased number of beautiful full-page plates, many of them colored, and all extremely helpful. Mr. Johns's pages are by no means confined to detailed descriptions of species, or to the rules of horticulture; his chapters are replete with lore and legend and all manner of interesting tradition and literary reference. The new volume is edited by Mr. E. T. Cook, whose part consists in the main of brief descriptions and commendations of such desirable shrubs as have more recently come upon the market.

"The Yosemite National Park is perhaps the most delightful region in all the world for the study of plant life." So declare Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Monroe Hall in the introduction to their "Yosemite Flora" (Paul Elder & Co.). The book forms a popular guide to the interesting vegetation found among the Yosemite foothills and extending up its mountain-summits as far as the line of perpetual snow. The nine hundred and fifty-five species here described represent, in large part, the results of the author's own botanical explorations throughout the Park. All the plants have been carefully classified and grouped according to their relationships, and keys are provided for the determination of their names. Technical terms have been introduced only where accuracy demands their use. The introduction deals with the origin, characteristics, and distribution of the flora in general, and the descriptive matter devoted to the individual species supplies information relative to the locality in which they may be found, their use by the Indians, their medicinal and poisonous properties, and interesting points regarding their discovery. There are eleven full-page illustrations from photographs, and numerous outline cuts in the text aid in easy identification of the different varieties.

A revelation of the beauty and variety of an art that has by no means yet reached its rightful place in popular appreciation is embodied in the "Catalogue of the International Exhibition of Contemporary Medals" held by the American Numismatic Society in 1910. This is a revised edition, much amplified and fully illustrated, of the provisional catalogue issued for the use of visitors to the exhibition. Biographical sketches (supplied in many cases by the artists themselves) of nearly all of the two hundred-odd exhibitors are given, with full description of each of the medals exhibited. A clearly-written Introduction, by Miss Agnes Baldwin, traces the history of the medallic art, and describes the various processes employed in the production of modern medals. The most notable feature of the volume, however, and one which in itself entitles the work to a place in every art library, is its wealth of illustrations. These consist of nearly five hundred separate half-tone cuts, beautifully reproduced and printed, illustrating several thousand medals. In every detail the book reflects much credit upon all concerned in its production — not least the De Vinne Press, who have given it an outward garb of dignified typography and perfect presswork deserving of the highest praise. It is a work that will do much to enhance a more general interest in, and appreciation of, the fascinating art of the medallist.

Notes.

Dr. Lawrence P. Jacks, editor of "The Hibbert Journal," and author of "Mad Shepherds," "Among the Idol Makers," etc., is soon to visit the United States.

Mr. Henry S. Harrison, author of "Queed," has well on the way toward completion a new novel which Houghton Mifflin Co. expect to publish either in the coming autumn or early next year.

Dr. Henry Sweet, for the past eleven years university reader in phonetics at Oxford, and author of a long list of standard works in the field of philology and phonetics, is dead at the age of sixty-eight.

Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, author of "The Devil's Picture Books," will soon publish through Messrs. Jacobs another study in the same field entitled "Prophetical, Educational, and Playing Cards."

A volume of verse by Mr. La Touche Hancock, consisting principally of contributions to the columns of the New York "Sun" during the past ten years, will be issued shortly by the Neale Publishing Co.

A volume on Robert Toombs, by Professor Ulrich B. Phillips, and one on Ulysses S. Grant, by Dr. Franklin S. Edmonds, are announced as immediately forthcoming in Messrs. Jacobs's "American Crisis Biographies."

Mr. Algot Lange, author of "In the Amazon Jungle," recently published by Messrs. Putnam, has been chosen to head the South American expedition now being organized by the Museum of Pennsylvania University.

Mr. C. E. Brock, an English illustrator of unusual skill and intelligence, has been commissioned to prepare the drawings for an illustrated holiday edition of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's popular novel, "The Broad Highway."

A new novel by M. René Bazin entitled "Davidée Birot" will be issued shortly by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Social problems of the day, particularly the problems of labor, hold a prominent place in the story.

"The Promise of the Christ Age in Recent Literature," a study of ten representative works whose inspiration and interest centre about the Christ figure, will be published immediately by Messrs. Putnam. The author is Dr. William Eugene Mosher.

The publication of Professor Earl Barnes's study of "Woman in Modern Society" has been postponed so as to permit "The Atlantic Monthly" to use three chapters in its three immediately forthcoming issues. The book will be published in August by Mr. B. W. Huebsch.

Mr. Edwin Björkman, whose translations of three of Strindberg's plays were recently published by Scribners, will bring out this summer, through the same house, an English rendering of Strindberg's "There are Crimes and Crimes," a drama dealing with modern life in Paris.

Mr. Edward Thomas is at work on a critical study of Swinburne, which will be published later in the year. Mr. Thomas's book will in no way clash with the official biography of Swinburne, on which Mr. Watts-Dunton is engaged, and which, we understand, is making satisfactory progress.

M. Anatole France's forthcoming novel, "Une Idylle sous la Révolution," is said to owe its existence to a chance discovery by M. France of some engravings by Prudhon, intended for an edition of Racine, but rejected by Didot, the publisher. The pictures roused M. France to an enthusiasm for Prudhon, and, as was the case with the Goncourts and others, study of Prudhon expanded into study of the Directoire period, then of the Terror,

of Robespierre, Saint-Just, and other personages of the Revolution. The coming volume is a result of the researches which were led up to in this way.

The first book dealing with the "Titanic" disaster is announced in a volume entitled "The Loss of the S. S. Titanic: Its Story and its Lessons," written by Mr. Lawrence Beesley, one of the survivors of the catastrophe. Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish the volume late this month.

"Radical Empiricism," by the late William James, will be published immediately by Messrs. Longmans. According to the publishers' announcement, the author gives utterance in this volume "to a doctrine which he regarded as of more fundamental importance than his widely-known pragmatism."

"Modern Science and the Illusions of Professor Bergson" is the title of a forthcoming volume which is likely to flutter the Bergsonian dove-cotes. The author is Dr. Hugh S. R. Elliot, who may be remembered as the editor of John Stuart Mill's published letters, and the publishers are Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. John Muir's interesting tribute to the late Edward H. Harriman has been issued by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. in an attractive booklet for private circulation. We understand that a copy will be sent free to any librarian who makes application to the publishers. It is well deserving of a place in every library.

Mr. Bryce's forthcoming book on South America, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, will not, as was at first thought, treat mainly of constitutional and administrative questions. Unlike "The American Commonwealth," it will give a general picture of the South American countries, and of their commercial development.

It is announced that the right to publish the authorized editions of the writings of Walt Whitman has been transferred to Mr. Mitchell Kennerley by the Whitman executors, Messrs. Thomas B. Harned and Horace Traubel. Mr. Kennerley announces new editions of "Leaves of Grass" and "Complete Prose Works." Mr. Horace Traubel's "Walt Whitman in Camden" has also been transferred to the same publisher, and a third volume is to be issued in the autumn.

The late Henry Haynie, who died at his home in Newton Centre, Mass., May 15, was born at Winchester, Illinois, in 1841, received a grammar-school and high-school education, and promptly responded to the call to arms when the Civil War broke out, enlisting in the first infantry company raised in Chicago. After honorably serving in the Army of the Cumberland and undergoing several months' confinement in Libby Prison, he was mustered out in 1864, and entered upon newspaper work. His foreign editorship of the New York "Times" and his subsequent Paris correspondence to a number of American journals are among his best-known activities in this department of literary labor, and incidentally they opened the way for his two best books, "Paris, Past and Present," a descriptive and historical work, and "The Captains and the Kings," a reminiscent volume from one who, in the pursuit of his calling, had met and talked with a considerable number of prominent men.

August Strindberg.

The perturbed spirit of August Strindberg passed to its rest on the fourteenth of last month, after racking its frail tenement of clay for sixty-three years, and with its passing the greatest figure in the Swedish literature of our time disappeared from the view of men. Strindberg illustrated, better than most of the examples adduced in its support, the familiar notion of the close relationship of genius to insanity. Lombroso, we suppose, would have called him insane, and made no bones about it, but such a verdict would account but inadequately for his extraordinary power to cause vibrations in the consciousness of his readers. For the most part, the motions (or emotions) thus set up in minds that came within the sphere of his influence were not pleasurable ones, and were accompanied by a distinct sense of aversion, and even of repulsion. What most men held sacred in belief and human relationship had for him no sanctity, and he rode rough-shod, with a Nietzschean brutality, over their tenderest sentiments and their most cherished social beliefs. The intensity of his intellectual life brought him at times close to the borderland between reason and unreason, and the reader of his many books, who does not correlate them as he reads with the state of mind and other conditions under which they were written, will find them hard to interpret in the terms of any well-ordered system of thinking about art and social philosophy. His warmest admirers must allow that his literary output, taken in its entirety, exhibits an unbalanced mind, and a mind permanently twisted awry by circumstance. His work was the expression of an unhappy life, desperately eager for happiness, and essaying many futile ventures in its quest. He was a confused idealist, without the central core of glowing faith that irradiates the writings of Björnson and Ibsen, and makes those men in so high a sense prophets of humanity. Of life as it was revealed to him in the shifting moods through which he surveyed it, he had an extraordinarily intense and penetrating vision, and he had an almost unexampled mastery over the rich and flexible language to whose inheritance he was born. His collected works, filling upwards of fifty volumes, contain nearly all the species of literary composition, although novels and plays are predominant. He was a hater of womankind, and was preoccupied to the point of obsession with the share of sex-struggle in human life. His realism was unrestrained, as to both word and situation, and no English publisher would dare to reproduce some of his works in unexpurgated translation. He is only beginning to be known at all to the English-reading public, but his death will probably stimulate the activity of translators and theatre-managers, with the effect of considerably enlarging our acquaintance with his works.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

June, 1912.

American Impressions—III. Arnold Bennett . . *Harper.*
Arabian Nights, Coming of the—I. Ameen Rihani. *Bookman.*
Bandini, Father, and his Colony in the Ozarks. Anita Moore . . . . . *World's Work.*
Bank Deposits, Guarantee of. W. F. McCaleb . . *Forum.*
Baseball Primer, The. Hugh S. Fullerton . . *American.*
Bear-Hunting on Montague Island. Chas. Sheldon. *Scribner.*
Behaism—What It Is. James T. Bixby. *North American.*
Belgium: The Balance-Wheel of Trade. J. D. Whelpley . . . . . *Century.*
Bunner, H. C., and his Circle. Henry G. Paine. *Bookman.*
Business, Big, and the Citizen—I. Holland Thompson . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Cars-Delvaille, Henry. Christian Brinton . . . *Scribner.*
Churches and Church-Going. Meredith Nicholson. *Atlantic.*
Cleveland's First Election. W. G. Rice . . . . *Century.*
Clovelly in Devon. George McL. Harper . . . *Scribner.*
Coffee Trust, The. Robert Sloss . . . . *World's Work.*

Competition, The New—II. Arthur J. Eddy. *World's Work.*
Confederacy, Sunset of the—IV. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic.*
Conventions, The Chance Drama of. C. M. Harvey . . . . . *World's Work.*
Culture, Feminizing of. Earl Barnes . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Democratic Candidates, Two. George Harvey. *No. Amer.*
Dickens, Good Enchantment of. Henry van Dyke. *Scribner.*
Drunkard, Help for the. Charles B. Towns . . . *Century.*
Education, Philosophy of. John G. Hibben. *No. American.*
Electorate of Men and Women, An. F. H. Blackwell *No. Amer.*
Elephant Seal, The. Charles H. Townsend . . *Century.*
"Everyman" and "Everywoman." Katharine Brégy . . . . . *Lippincott.*
Flemish Primitives, Two. F. J. Mather, Jr. . . *Scribner.*
"Genius, Gems of." Edna Kenton . . . . . *Bookman.*
German Politics. J. Selwyn Schapiro . . . . . *Forum.*
Gheel: A Colony for "the Sick in Mind." Alice Isaacson . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Governmental Waste, Our—II. H. B. Fuller. *Lippincott.*
Harrison, General—His Attitude toward the Presidency. E. W. Halford . . . . . *Century.*
Home Rule, Historical Aspect of. P. J. Lennox. *No. Amer.*
Hugo, Victor. Edgar Saltus . . . . . *Forum.*
Human Nature—'Does it Change? H. M. Chittenden. *Atl.*
"Illusion, The Great"—A Reply. Norman Angell . . . . . *North American.*
Ireland, The Regeneration of. Sir Horace Plunkett. *Atlantic.*
Isabella, The Great Queen. Mildred Stapley . . *Harper.*
Japanese Drama. Sadakichi Hartmann . . . . *Forum.*
Knox Mission to Central America, With the—I. W. B. Hale . . . . . *World's Work.*
Krapotkin, Prince, Escape of. George Kennan . *Century.*
Lions. Stewart Edward White . . . . . *American.*
Literary Treasures of the Humble. F. A. Collins. *Bookman.*
"London by the Sea." Harrison Rhodes . . . *Harper.*
Marseilles Bouillabaisse, A. Frances W. Huard. *Scribner.*
Ministry, The Matter with the. A Clergyman. *World's Work.*
Morse, Samuel, Letters of—1812. E. L. Morse. *No. Amer.*
Nature, Our Unchanging. Elisabeth Woodbridge. *Atlantic.*
Nature, The Gospel of. John Burroughs . . . *Century.*
Parcels Post, The. F. P. Stockbridge . . *World's Work.*
Paris, An Intellectual Novelty in. Anna B. Dodd. *Century.*
Patents and the Public. Seth K. Humphrey . *Atlantic.*
Personality and Impersonality. Bliss Carman . . *Forum.*
Poet, The Flame-Born. La Salle C. Pickett . *Lippincott.*
President, Our Next, and Some Others. R. S. Baker. *Amer.*
Quakers, The. Henry S. Canby . . . . . *Century.*
Realism in Fiction. Arthur C. Benson . *North American.*
Rhodes Scholars, Our. Edmond Earl Lincoln . . *Forum.*
Roosevelt the Politician. Francis E. Leupp . . *Atlantic.*
Rousseau To-Day. Havelock Ellis . . . . . *Atlantic.*
St. Francis, Life of—II. Maurice F. Egan . . *Century.*
School, The, and the Feminine Ideal—II. Anna G. Spencer . . . . . *Forum.*
Science, Unsolved Problems in. R. K. Duncan . *Harper.*
Sea, Safety at. George von L. Meyer . *North American.*
Senate, Alone in the. Robert M. La Follette . *American.*
Socialism in Germany. Samuel P. Orth . *World's Work.*
South-American Experiences, My. J. O. Fagan . *Atlantic.*
Standard Oil Decision, Results of. F. B. Kellogg . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Stead, William T. Albert Shaw . . *Review of Reviews.*
Strindberg in America. Clayton Hamilton . . *Bookman.*
Taft, Lorado: Sculptor. Robert H. Moulton. *Rev. of Revs.*
Tile Club, Story of the. Louis Baury . . . . *Bookman.*
Timber Bonds. Edward S. Meade . . . . *Lippincott.*
"Titanic," Lesson of the. Lewis Nixon. *North American.*
Trade-Unionism, Value of Existing. C. N. Fay . *Atlantic.*
Twain, Mark—VIII. Albert Bigelow Paine . . *Harper.*
Unit Rule and Two-Thirds Rule. C. S. Potts. *Rev. of Revs.*
Venus, The Planet. William H. Pickering . . *Harper.*
War, Foreclosing the Mortgage on. David S. Jordan . . . . . *World's Work.*
What I Am Trying to Do. William H. Taft. *World's Work.*
Wildebeest, Hunting the. Stewart E. White. *World's Work.*
Woman and Democracy. Ida M. Tarbell . . *American.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 108 titles, includes books received by The Dial since its last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Selected Addresses. By James Burrill Angell. 12mo, 285 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.

Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By William Archer. 8vo, 419 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $2. net.

Masters in Modern German Literature. By Otto Eduard Lessing. With portrait, 8vo, 196 pages. Dresden: Carl Reissner. Paper.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Poems. By William Sharp; Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 323 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

Master Flachsmann (Flachsmann als Erzieher): A Comedy in Three Acts. By Otto Ernst; translated from the German by H. M. Beatty, LL. D. 12mo, 155 pages. Duffield & Co.

Via Lucis, and Other Poems. By Alice Harper. 12mo, 63 pages. South Nashville: Publishing House of the M. E. Church. $1.

Baseballogy. By Edmund Vance Cooke. Decorated, 16mo, 88 pages. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 50 cts. net.

FICTION.

The Lighted Way. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated, 12mo, 355 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

The Just and the Unjust. By Vaughan Kester. Illustrated, 12mo, 390 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

A Candidate for Truth. By J. D. Beresford. 12mo, 486 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

The Forest on the Hill. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, 378 pages. John Lane Co. $1.30 net.

A Son of the Sun. By Jack London. Illustrated, 12mo, 333 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.

Fox Farm. By Warwick Deeping. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 403 pages. Cassell & Co., Ltd. $1.20 net.

Sharrow. By Bettina von Hutten. 12mo, 458 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.30 net.

Queen of the Guarded Mounts. By John Oxenham. 12mo, 375 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Romance of a State Secret. By Winefride Trafford-Taunton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 257 pages. Dana Estes & Co. $1.25 net.

From the South of France. By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated, 12mo, 235 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

The Nameless Thing. By Melville Davisson Post. Illustrated, 12mo, 338 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.

His Worldly Goods. By Margaretta Tuttle. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 410 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

The Charioteers. By Mary Tappan Wright. 12mo, 346 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.30 net.

The Children of Alsace (Les Oberlés). Translated from the French of René Bazin; with Preface by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. 12mo, 262 pages. John Lane Co. $1.30 net.

No Surrender. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. 12mo, 328 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Lovers of Sanaa. By Mary Stewart Cutting. Illustrated, 12mo, 226 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $1. net.

The Widow Woman. By Charles Lee. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 240 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Paul Carah, Cornishman. By Charles Lee. Illustrated, 12mo, 305 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25. net.

Our Little Town, and Other Cornish Tales and Fancies. By Charles Lee. 12mo, 376 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

My Demon Motor Boat. By George Fitch. Illustrated, 12mo, 283 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.10 net.

The Melting of Molly. By Maria Thompson-Daviess. Illustrated, 12mo, 201 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1. net.

Downward: A "Slice of Life." By Maud Churton Braby. 12mo, 308 pages. New York: William Rickey & Co. $1.25 net.

The Judgments of the Sea, and Other Stories. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated, 12mo, 327 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.20 net.

Yiddish Tales. Translated by Helena Frank, 12mo, 599 pages. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

The Log House Club. By Robert Eggert. 12mo, 280 pages. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1. net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Two Visits to Denmark, 1872, 1874. By Edmund Gosse. 8vo, 372 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Scented Isles and Coral Gardens: Torres Straits, German New Guinea, and the Dutch East Indies. By C. D. Mackellar. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 351 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

The Spell of France. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 425 pages. L. C. Page & Co. $2.50 net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Fatigue and Efficiency: A Study in Industry. By Josephine Goldmark; with Introduction by Frederic S. Lee, Ph. D. Large 8vo, 591 pages. "Russell Sage Foundation." New York: Charities Publication Committee. $3.50

The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff. By Roy G. Blakey. 8vo, 286 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, $2. net.

The Politics of Michigan, 1865-1878. By Harriette M. Dilla, Ph. D. 8vo, 258 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, $2. net.

A Hoosier Village: A Sociological Study with Special Reference to Social Causation. By Newell Leroy Sims. 8vo, 181 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, $1.50 net.

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Open Trails. By "Janey Canuck" (Emily Ferguson). Illustrated in color, 12mo, 292 pages. Cassell & Co. $1.20 net.

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The Christian View of the World. By George John Blewett. 8vo, 344 pages. Yale University Press. $2. net.

The Greatest English Classic: A Study of the King James Version of the Bible and its Influence on Life and Literature. By Cleland Boyd McAfee, D.D. 12mo, 287 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

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Social Creed of the Churches. Edited by Harry F. Ward. 12mo, 185 pages. Eaton & Mains. 50 cts. net.

Prayer and its Relation to Life; or, the Place and Importance of Prayer. By Henry M. King, D. D. 12mo, 40 pages. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Paper, 10 cts. net.

SCIENCE.

The Theory of Experimental Electricity. By William Cecil Dampier Whetham. Second edition; illustrated, 8vo, 340 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

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Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. Volume VII., 1912-1913. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. 12mo, 2640 pages. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. $5.

The New International Year Book: A Compendium of the World's Progress for the Year 1911. Edited by Frank Moore Colby, M. A., and Allen Leon Churchill. Illustrated, large 8vo, 808 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Dramatic Index for 1911. Edited by Frederick Winthrop Faxon, A. B., and compiled with the co-operation of librarians. 4to, 250 pages. Boston: Boston Book Co.

A Dictionary of the Biloxi and Ofo Languages. Accompanied with Thirty-One Biloxi Texts and Numerous Biloxi Phrases. By James Owen Dorsey and John R. Swanton. 8vo, 340 pages. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Volume XVI.; edited by George M. Wrong, M. A., and M. Stewart Wallace, B. A. Large 8vo, 211 pages. "University of Toronto Studies." Toronto University Press. Paper, $1.50 net.

A Bibliography of Spanish-American Literature. By Alfred Coester, Ph. D., 8vo, 33 pages. Brooklyn: Published by the author. Paper, 50cts.

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Harper's Boating Book for Boys: A Guide to Motor Boating, Sailing, Canoeing, and Rowing. Edited by Charles G. Davis. Illustrated, 8vo, 407 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.75 net.

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Report of the Commissioner of Education, for the Year Ended June 30, 1911. Volume I. Large 8vo, 675 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Thucydides. Book IV.; edited by A. W. Spratt, M. A. 12mo, 448 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2. net.

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